

1994

WARREN
MAGAZINE

AUG. 1981

PROVOCATIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

1994

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No. TWENTY

THE
LECHEROUS
GROATIE
LOVED
TO EAT
VIRGINOUS
INDIAN
MAIDENS!

"LITTLE
BEAVER!"



STAR WARS

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TELEMETRY 4

Why does Sam Drulin regard 1994 as a five fingered ecstasy? Either our readers love 1994, or they think it's the worst thing to foul the entire universe since Adam took a bite out of the apple!



SIGMOND PAVLOV 5

As my ship skimmed across the ovum seas, I nearly creamed in my plastisilk knickers...for there gesticulating in an insane orgy of gargantuan genitalic lust...was a clutch of waving humongosperm!



JACKLIGHTER 21

Smut Playhouse will return with tonight's very special feature "Captain Cunnilingus vs. the Amazons of the Planet of Bondage," right after this brief message from our sponsor....!



LITTLE BEAVER 31

The Russians were coming! All over Grandmother Running Box! That was the fantasy of the aging Indian princess, sole survivor of Armageddon and guardian of the very voluptuous Little Beaver



GHITA 43

It was only a short overnight stop at the Longstaff Inn! But the brazenly beautiful Ghita is told of a plot against her life. The disembodied head of the mute Tanya informs Ghita of perils in Alizzar!



SPEARCHUCKER 52

If God had meant for man to fly through space, he'd have stuck a Saturn Five rocket up his ass! Mankind has come a long way since those words were spoken, but nowhere near far enough!

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1994 IS FIVE FINGERED ECSTASY!

I was hoping that 1994 was going to change the world of comic books. I mean turn it upside down and put it on its **ass!** I was hoping, as in other fields of competition and commerce, that there would follow a flood of 1994 copies and look-alikes, weak and pale imitations that struggled vainly to resemble the wild and woolly original! I figured that out of five or six stories in such a magazine, maybe one would equal what an entire 1994 delivers.

Alas, no! To 1994's credit and probably to its publisher's relief, the magazine is still **unique!** No other comic in the world comes close to 1994! It's the **only** comic book that I can turn to, to enjoy a good belly laugh as I diddle myself into five-fingered ecstasy!

SAM DRULIN
New York, N.Y.

1994 A NIGHTMARE!

Opening the pages of a new 1994 is like descending into a night-long **nightmare!** I mean that as a compliment.

The magazine has **impact!** It goes straight for the gut! And that's a lot more than can be said for the bulk of that which is passed off as pop culture art these days.

In any of the arts, the safe road is the popular one, and 1994 definitely doesn't walk the path of the straight, narrow, and **safe!** For that very reason, the magazine can be both **exhilarating** and **maddening!** It overreaches itself as often as it hits! But I vastly prefer that to the alternative...which would result in mundane stories and uninspired art!

JOSIE TREMONT
Daly City, Calif.

WHITHER GHITA?

The usually dependable **Frank Thorne** is becoming entangled in the web he's weaved for **Ghita!** His most recent installment of the series, in 1994 #19, was not up to his usual standards. Thorne seems to be a bit confused as to which direction in which he should take the luscious goddess!

LARRY O'NEILL
Flagstaff, Ariz.



MY BRAIN EXPLODES!

I am an outlaw among my peers. While they whoop and holler over their **Spideys** and **Justice Leagues**, my poor brain expands and explodes over Warren's 1994!

My friends think I'm nuts because I plunk down two big ones for a mere comic book. They wonder who I've mugged to come up with the bucks. They cluck their tongues at the rampant violence and steaming sex that fairly drips from the pages of Warren's hottest product...while they sneak their **Hustler's** into the bathroom when they think nobody's looking!

T.R. BALAVIN
Newark, N.J.

With 1994 #19, Warren's spiciest magazine broke new comic ground! While in that same issue, it can be said that "**Young Sigmund Pavlov**" broke new comic wind!

Pavlov was an ingenious concept for a comic story, and quite ingeniously executed. If **Alex Nino** did not exist, he would have had to be **invented** just to illustrate this particular story. But, while **Will Richardson's** interesting script was beautifully written, it was overwritten to beat the band!

Richardson has, what we in the trade call diarrhea of the pen. The man doesn't know when to stop! And, of course, that was the whole point of his story. I suppose! He created a massive word-salad, a relentless torrent of words that I simultaneously found myself **admiring** and **loathing!**

Still, I look forward to future installments of "**Young Sigmund**," if for no other reason than **Alex Nino's** mind-boggling art! His tremendous renderings are greatly suited to showing the inner workings of two twisted minds!

ALFRED BOMAR
New Haven, Ct.

RAPE AND PILLAGE... BIG DEAL!

A man with tank treads for a body. Big frigging deal! That was the one and only reason I could see for "**Steele**" in 1994 #19. The story was so familiar I don't know why **Warren** bothered. Post-holocaust America, mutants, rape and pillage. Readers of comics are so bored with this cliché crap, we can recite it in our sleep.

The rest of the issue was **dynamite** though! **Ghita**, as usual, delivered the goods. "**Et Tu Casey**" was terrifically funny. **Kevin Duane's** poetry was torturous, but the results were hilarious just the same. **Abel Laxamana** must have had a riot with the art, and his good spirits were evident in the finished product. "**Holy Warrior**" was a great story! Funny and horrifying and clever all at the same time. Authors **John Ellis Sech** and **Will Richardson**, and artist **Delando Nino** should all give themselves a hearty pat on the backs for a job well done.

LARRY JEMAH
Flint, Mich.

Please don't tell me that Warren is going to waste valuable space in future issues of 1994 on the continued misadventures of "**Steele**," the tank-treaded homicidically-maniacal paraplegic!

Let's face it, **Budd Lewis's** story was **crap!** That man hasn't written a decent script in his entire life. He doesn't care about comics, or his work! He's the prime example of a comic book **hack!**

Yet, as bad as was the **Lewis** script, **Alex Nino's** art was equally ill-suited to the story! Nino's work, while often decorative, imaginative, and pretty, is **not suited** for the strict narrative. He can't tell a story for beans! And while he may be equally comfortable with material like "**Young Sigmund Pavlov**" and "**Steele**," Nino forces his readers to labor far too hard, just to follow his cluttered rendering.

For the sake of all loyal 1994 readers, please don't use any more of **Lewis's** tired, trite, and boring scripts! And let's see if Warren can't find an artist or two, who, unlike Nino, will make the action and characters within a story **comprehensible!**

NICKY BISS
Pueblo, Colorado

SEND COMMENTS TO: 1994, WARREN PUBLISHING, 145 E. 32nd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

YOUNG SIGMUND PAVLOV!

PSYCHOANALYTIC ITINERANT EXTRAORDINAIRE!

WEIRDEST THING ABOUT BEING A
PSYCHOANALYTIC ITINERANT IS
THAT YOU SEE A LOT OF CRAZY
SHIT! EVERY KIND OF PSYCHOSIS
IMAGINABLE...AND SOME THAT
AREN'T, ARE THROWN MY WAY!

THE WORST OF THEM, THOUGH,
ARE THE RELIGIOUS
CRAZIES...THOSE WHO NAIL
THEMSELVES TO CROSSES, OR
ALMOST DROWN IN SEAS THAT
DON'T PART, OR, WHO BAKE
THEIR BRAINS WANDERING
ENDLESSLY THROUGH ALIEN
DESERTS!

GOD...RESPONSIBLE FOR MORE
PARATAXIA DEMENTIA THAN ANY
OTHER SINGLE SOURCE OF
PSYCHONEUROSIS, WAS, FOR
SOME INEXPLICABLE REASON,
WREAKING SCHIZOPHRENIC
HAVOC IN THE STAR SYSTEM OF
NEURASTHENIA III!

THE CRACKER BINS WERE
CRAMMED TO OVERFLOWING
WITH PERNICIOUS
PSYCHONEUROTICS WHO
THOUGHT THEY'D SEEN,
THOUGHT THEY'D HEARD, OR
THOUGHT THEY WERE...GOD!

THEY CALLED ME IN TO SPLIT A
PARTICULARLY CALLOUS
NUT...WHO DAMN NEAR HAD
EVERYONE CONVINCED THAT
THE MYSTICAL, ALL-SEEING, BUT
NEVER SEEN CREATOR OF THE
COSMOS, WAS ALIVE AND WELL
AND CARRYING ON SOCIAL
INTERCOURSE WITH BUG-
BRAINED PSYCHOS
THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE!

DR. PAVLOV! GOOD
OF YOU TO COME! THE
RELIGIOUS PARATAXIA ON
THIS WORLD IS RUNNING
ME RAGGED!

THIS MANIC-
DEPRESSIVE YOU WIRED
ME ABOUT...?

AH, YES...NOAH!
TEXTBOOK EXAMPLE
OF AN EXPANSIVE
PARETIC EUPHORIC
PSYCHOTIC CONVER-
SING WITH HIS
CREATOR!

IF NOT FOR THE FACT
THAT HE FREQUENTLY GETS
A RESPONSE, ONE MIGHT BE
INCLINED TO WRITE HIM
OFF AS A PSYCHOTICALLY
PRECOCIOUS BUG-ASSED
LOON!

BUT I'LL LET
YOU EVALUATE HIM
YOURSELF!

NOAH...I'D
LIKE YOU TO
MEET...DR. SIGMUND
PAVLOV, PSYCHO-
ANALYTIC ITINERANT
EXTRAORDINAIRE!

I'LL LEAVE
YOU TWO ALONE...! I
ENJOY YOUR
LITTLE CHAT!

NOAH! WHAT
A NICE NAME!
EARLY TERRAN,
ISN'T IT?

I SEE!
YOU, ER...
SPEAK WITH
GOD OFTEN,
DO YOU?

IT'S PRETTY
MUCH A *ONE-SIDED*
DEAL, DOC! I TRY
TO *IGNORE* THE
CRAZY-ASSED
SUCKER!

IT'S HIM
WHO KEEPS
BUGGING THE SHIT
OUT OF ME! TAKE
FOR EXAMPLE THE
FIRST TIME I EVER
HEARD FROM
HIM...!

ACTUALLY... GOD
GAVE IT TO ME! MY
REAL NAME IS
CLARENCE!

THERE I WAS, MINDING MY OWN
BUSINESS... ENJOYING A QUIET
NIGHT AT HOME WITH MY SOLAR-
POWERED AUTO-EROTICA, SUCCU-
FLESHED PATTI PORKPIE DOLL!
SUDDENLY... OUT OF THE BLUE, THIS
DEEP, BOOMING VOICE BELCHED
FORTH, SHAKING MY PLASTISTEEL
WALLS AND MAKING THE GROUND
SHUDDER BENEATH MY FEET! IT
SAID, SIMPLY...

NOAH!
OH, NOOOOOOAH!
I HAVE A SURPRISE
FOR YOU!

LEMME TELL YOU,
DOC... THAT PUZZLED ME
NO END... SINCE MY NAME
IS CLARENCE!

BUT EVEN MORE PROFOUNDLY PUZZLING,
WAS THAT, IN THE NEXT INCREDIBLE INSTANT,
MY ENTIRE HOUSE WAS CRUSHED BY
THIS MONSTROUS STELLAR-STEEL ARK,
WHICH JUST SORT OF CAME OUT OF
NOWHERE!

I MEAN... IF YOU LOOKED *REAL CLOSE*, YOU
COULD TELL THAT THE DAMNED THING
WASN'T ANYTHING MORE THAN AN OLD,
STRIPPED DOWN AND REFITTED MITSUBISHI
STARCRAFT CARRIER, LEFT OVER FROM THE
INTERGALACTIC WARS!

BUT I WAS MORE CONCERNED WITH *WHO'D*
PLACED THE CYCLOPIAN MOTHER IN MY
LIVING ROOM! AND *WHY!*

AND THAT'S WHEN I WAS NEARLY KNOCKED
OFF MY ASS BY THE SAME LOW, RUMBLING
VOICE THAT, LEGEND TELLS US, SPLIT
EARTH'S INFAMOUS SAN ANDREAS FAULT!

**SO! THIS
VOICE...DID IT
ACTUALLY SAY IT
WAS GOD?**

**OH?
AND THAT
WAS--?**

HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO **BLOW UP** THE UNIVERSE COME NEXT WEDNESDAY...AND THAT IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF I STARTED **ROUNDING UP** SOME OF HIS MOST VERY FAVORITE **CREATIONS!**

NOT IN SO
MANY WORDS!
BUT WHO ELSE
IS GONNA PARK A
REFITTED MITSUBISHI
MACH SEVEN INTER-
STELLAR STARCRAFT
CARRIER IN YOUR
LIVING ROOM?

NOT TO MENTION
THAT ONE *OTHER* LITTLE
HINT HE DROPPED!

YET, YOU
WENT ON WITH
THE VOICE'S
BIDDING?!

**YOU BET YOUR ASS
DOC! YOU DON'T WANNA
FUCK WITH A GUY WHOSE
VOICE REGISTERS 8.2 ON
THE RICHTER SCALE!**


SO I **BOARDED** MY REFITTED **STAR-BUSTER**, AND, REALIZING THAT I WAS THE ONLY LIVING CREATURE ABOARD, AND HAD NEVER LEARNED TO **DRIVE** ONE OF THE DAMNED THINGS, **IMMEDIATELY** PROCEEDED TO SLIP INTO A RESPLENDENTLY DIVINE SPIRITUAL **RAPTURE!**

**NO! NO! NOT
THE LITTLE ONES,
NOAH! I ONLY WANT
THE BIG ONES...THE
VERY BIGGEST
ONES!**

MAYBE SOME WOULD'VE CALLED IT A **SPASTIC FIT!** FACT IS!...IN MY TRANCE-LIKE SEMI-CONSCIOUS STATE, I BARRELLED THAT STAR-SMASHER **STRAIGHT OVER** THE INFAMOUS **BLACK SUNBELT OF PRAEDO**, AROUND THE **MAGNASUN QUASARS OF NEUROPHOMIA**...AND STRAIGHT THROUGH THE **METEOR FIRES OF HELLZAPOPPIN!**

WHEN I **EMERGED** FROM MY RAPTURIC
FRENZY, I DISCOVERED MYSELF **SMACK** IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE **NEFARIOUS FESCES**
FIELDS OF ALVINE IVI AND THAT RAGING
BARITONE WAS DIRECTING ME TO SCOOP UP
A DOUBLE-SIZED PAIR OF SLIPPERY, SLIMY,
SERPENTINE **DUNG-DIVERS!**

**...WHICH IS A LOT EASIER SAID THAN DONE!
YOU JUST TRY WRAPPING YOUR ARMS
AROUND ONE OF THOSE RABID LITTLE
GROATIES WHEN THEY'RE CUTTIN' WIND AND
SPURTING PERPETUAL RIVULETS OF
FRESHLY STEAMING DUNG!**



YOU WEREN'T
ABLE TO CATCH THE
CREATURES THEN?

DON'T ASK
ME, MAN! I'M
ONLY THE LACKEY!
WHEN GOD SAYS
COME, I ONLY ASK
"HOW MUCH?"

OH, SURE I DID,
DOC! BUT LET ME TELL
YOU... I WAS IN THE STERNO-
SHOWER FOR A WEEK TRYING
TO SCRAPE THE STENCH
FROM MY BEING!

AND YOU SHOULD'A
SEEN THE PENS WHERE
THOSE BABIES WERE STORED
...WOULD'VE PUT A RIGILLIAN
COPROPHAGIC FUN-DEN
TO SHAME!

DO SAY?
AND WHY DO
YOU THINK GOD
NEEDED YOU TO
PULL OFF THIS
LITTLE TASK?

NEXT STOP WAS THE HUMONGOWHALE
WORLD OF OVUM V, SPAWNING GROUND OF
THE PROLIFIC HUMONGOSPERM WHALES!


AS MY SHIP SKIMMED ACROSS THE OVUM
SEAS, I NEARLY CREAMED IN MY PLASTISILK
KNICKERS... FOR, THERE, MADLY
GESTICULATING IN AN INSANE ORGY OF
GARGANTUAN GENITAL LUST WAS
A CLATCH OF HUMONGOSPERMS... SPILLING
THEIR MUCILAGINOUS ESSENCE ALL OVER
EACH OTHER AND UPON THE FROTHING SEAS!
THE SMALLEST OF THE GROUP WAS A MERE
TEN TIMES THE SIZE OF MY ENTIRE STAR-
CRAFT!

BUT GOD WAS COOL! HE
SAID I COULD OVERLOOK
THE MORE INTIMIDATING
HUMONGOSPERMS! YET,

BECAUSE THE
CREATURES RE-
PRODUCED BY MULTIPLE
SEXUAL SECRETIONS, I
HAD ONLY TO BRING A
MATCHING SET OF BOTH
MALE AND FEMALE
SPERMATOZOAI!

BUT I TELL YOU, BOY... IT
WASN'T AS EASY AS YOU
MIGHT THINK
WRESTLING GIANT
SIXTY-FOOT LONG
HUMONGOSPERMS INTO
PLASTICREEN CAGES!

BY THE TIME I'D
GRAPPLED THOSE
BABIES ABOARD MY
SHIP, THEY'D ALREADY
DOUBLED THEIR SIZE,
AND WERE LOOSING
FORTH MILLIONS OF
HUMONGOSPERM
THEMSELVES!




SO WHAT DID YOU DO WITH ALL OF THOSE RABIDLY RAVENOUS LITTLE DEVILS?

WHAT COULD I DO? I FLUSHED THEM OUT THE RETRO TUBES!

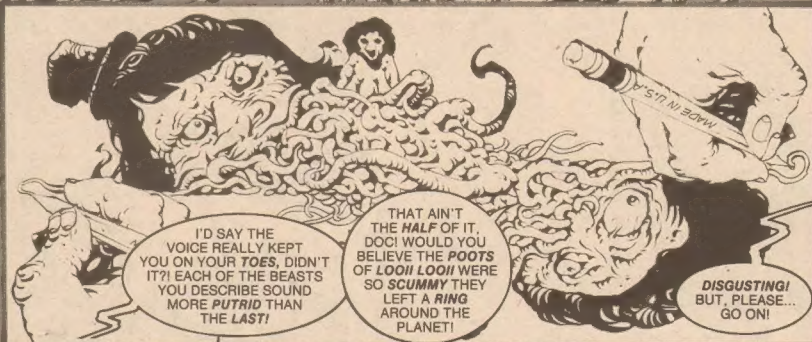
LEFT A TRAIL OF HUMONGOJIZZ FROM SAGITTARIUS TO ALPHA CARINAI!

BUT, AS WITH *HERCULES* OF OLD TERRAN LEGEND, MY *LABORS* HAD ONLY *BEGUN!* MY MANDATE FROM *GOD* TO ASSEMBLE A UNIVERSAL MENAGERIE TOOK ME INTO THE DARKEST REGIONS OF DEEP SPACE... WHERE, ABOARD A CHARTERED SPACE TRAWLER, I SET ABOUT TO CAPTURE ONE OF THE *NASTIEST*, MOST DISGUSTINGLY LOATHSOME, *STOMACH-WRENCHINGLY VILE* CREATURES THAT HAVE EVER HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SLITHER ACROSS THE UNIVERSE!

FROM THE PLANET *HERPES*, I GATHERED A PAIR OF NAUSEATING *BARF BAGS!* ON *BUUGARII*, I CAGED A COUPLE OF RARE *SNOTMEN*, (S'NOT MEN, S'NOT ANIMALS, BUT SOMETHING IN BETWEEN!) AND, IN A PARTICULARLY BLOODY STRUGGLE IN THE JUNGLES OF *LOOII LOOII*, I NABBED A WHOLE COMMUNITY OF RARE AND INCESTUOUS *POOTS!*



YET, IT SEEMS NO MATTER *HOW MANY* OF THE PUKE-MAKING HORRIBLES I MANAGED TO CAPTURE, MY DETIFIC DIRECTOR WANTED *MORE!* "AND MAKE THEM BIGGER, TOO!" THE THUNDEROUS DISEMBODIED VOICE SUGGESTED...THOUGH IT CERTAINLY SOUNDED LIKE A *COMMAND* TO ME!

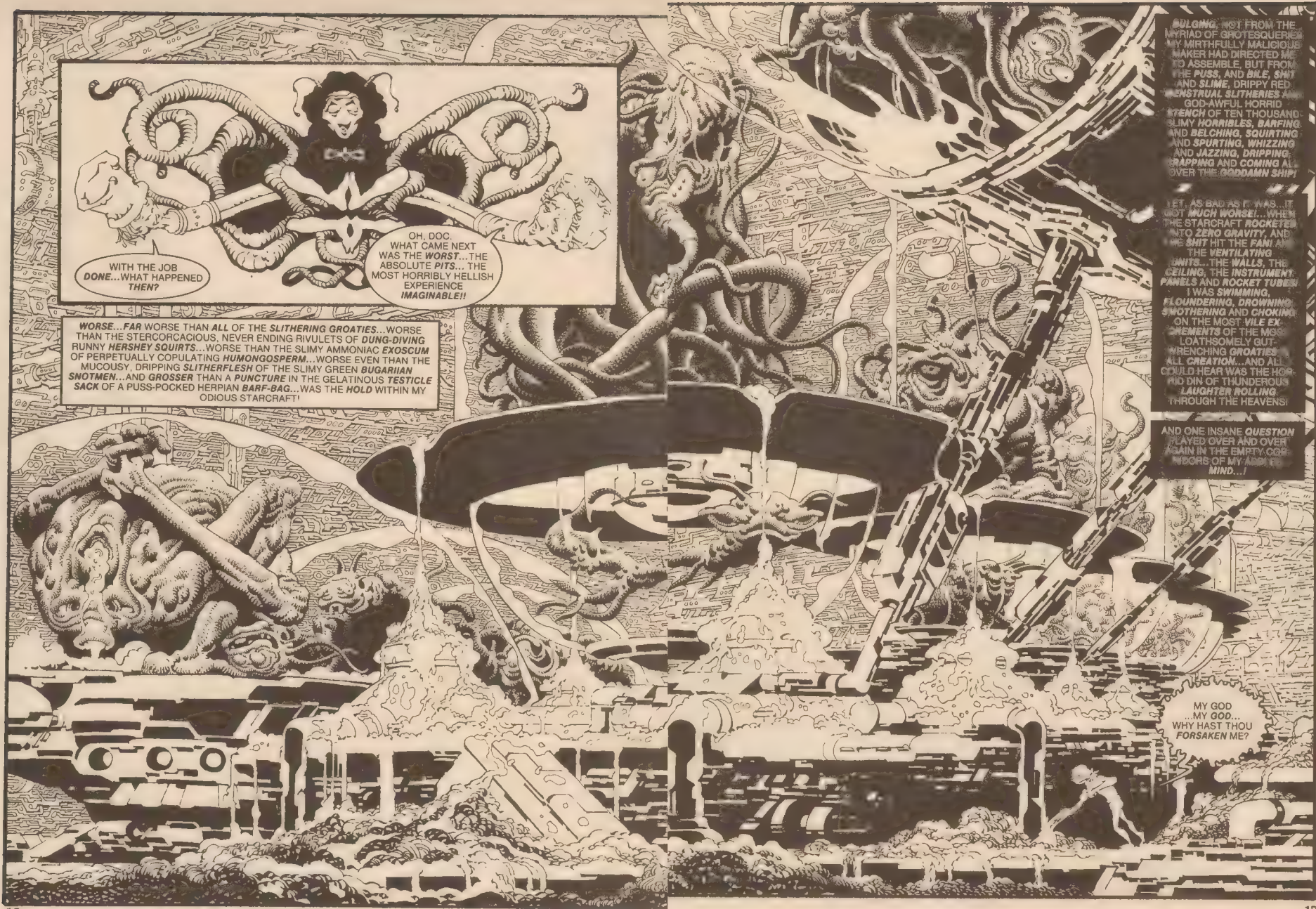


SO... FOR TWENTY-NINE DAYS I CAST MY LINE INTO SHIRLEY'S HOLE BEFORE ANOTHER SINGING MENSTRUAL WAS DISCHARGED, AND I COULD GET A SWAG ON IT! BUT AS MY HOOK BIT IN, THE MENSTRUAL BEGAN TO SPURT A POPULAR LOCAL TUNE. "BALLAD TO SOOTHE A DRIBBLING DICK," AND SUDDENLY, THOUSANDS OF NIGHTMARISH SPACE GROUPIES APPEARED TO HELP THEIR SILVER-SPLINTERED CROONER ESCAPE!

THEY NEARLY HAD IT LOOSE WHEN, IN DESPERATION, I LOBBED SEVERAL FLATULENCE GRENADES INTO THE BLACK HOLE! JUST AS I'D HOPED, THE SPACE GROUPIES, THINKING THEY WERE SMELLING/HEARING ANOTHER MENSTRUAL IMITATING JANIS JOPLIN, SCRAMBLED DOWN THE HOLE, ALLOWING ME TO COMPLETE THE LIST OF PUSS-SUCKING BEASTIES THE UNIVERSAL STRAW BOSS HAD REQUESTED!

EVENTUALLY, I AMASSED ALL THE GROTES-QUERIES OF THE FIELD, THE DISEASED DENIZENS OF THE SEA, THE FESTERING FOWL OF THE AIR, AND THE UP-CHUCKING INHABITANTS OF THE COSMOS! ALL BUT ONE, THAT IS! I WAS STILL MISSING A SECOND SINGING MENSTRUAL...A EUPHONIOUS ANOMALY WHICH WOULD PERIODICALLY EMERGE FROM THE SHIRLEY TEMPLE BLACK HOLE TO SING RIBALD SONGS WHICH MANY PEOPLE BELIEVE HAVE AMAZING HEALING POWERS!

BUT THE MENSTRUALS DIDN'T SO MUCH SING THEIR SONGS AS EXPEL THEM! I MEAN, THEY BROKE STREAMING RED VAGINAL WIND UP AND DOWN THE MUSICAL SCALE, THEIR ARI-FOLATING NOISES CREATING BOTH LYRICS AND MELODY, BUT WHILE PLEASANT TO THE EARS, HOOOO BOY...THAT TOXIC GAS WAS LETHAL WHEN INHALED.



WITH THE JOB DONE...WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

OH, DOC. WHAT CAME NEXT WAS THE WORST...THE ABSOLUTE PITS...THE MOST HORRIBLY HELLISH EXPERIENCE IMAGINABLE!!

WORSE...FAR WORSE THAN ALL OF THE SLITHERING GROATIES...WORSE THAN THE STERCORCACIOUS, NEVER ENDING RIVULETS OF DUNG-DIVING RUNNY HERSHEY SQUIRTS...WORSE THAN THE SLIMY AMMONIAC EXOSCEM OF PERPETUALLY COPULATING HUMONGOSPERM...WORSE EVEN THAN THE MUCOUSY, DRIPPING SLUTHERFLESH OF THE SLIMY GREEN BUGARIAN SNOTMEN...AND GROSSER THAN A PUNCTURE IN THE GELATINOUS TESTICLE SACK OF A PUSS-POCKED HERPIAN BARF-BAG...WAS THE HOLD WITHIN MY ODIOS STARCRAFT!

BULGING, NOT FROM THE MYRIAD OF GROTESQUE MY MIRTHFULLY MAD ODIOS MAKER HAD DIRECTED ME TO ASSEMBLE, BUT FROM THE PUSS, AND BILE, SHIT AND SLIME, DRIPPY RED MENSTRUAL SLITHERIES AND GOD-AWFUL HORRID STENCH OF TEN THOUSAND SLIMY HORRIBLES, BARFING, AND BELCHING, SQUIRTING AND SPURTING, WHIZZING AND JAZZING, DRIPPING AND GRAPPING AND COMING AL OVER THE GODDAMN SHIP!

YET, AS BAD AS IT WAS...IT GOT MUCH WORSE!...WHEN THE STARCRAFT ROCKETED INTO ZERO GRAVITY, AND WE SHIT HIT THE FAN AS THE VENTILATING UNITS...THE WALLS, THE CEILING, THE INSTRUMENT PANELS AND ROCKET TUBES, I WAS SWIMMING, FLOUNDERING, DROWNING, SMOTHERING AND CHOKING ON THE MOST VILE ELEMENTS OF THE MASS LOATHSOMELY GUT-WRENCHING GROATIES ALL CREATION...AND ALL COULD HEAR WAS THE HORRID DIN OF THUNDEROUS LAUGHTER ROLLING THROUGH THE HEAVENS!

AND ONE INSANE QUESTION PLAYED OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN THE EMPTY CORNERS OF MY ABBEY MIND...I

MY GOD...MY GOD...WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?

AND WHAT, PRAY TELL, DID YOUR GOD HAVE TO SAY FOR HIMSELF?

WELL, IT WAS A LITTLE HARD TO UNDERSTAND, WHAT WITH HIS LAUGHING SPASM AND ALL!

BUT IT SOUNDED SOMETHING LIKE, "THE JOKE'S ON YOU, ASSHOLE!"


AND THAT'S PRETTY MUCH WHEN THE UNIVERSE CAVED IN ON ME!

THERE I WAS, SWIMMING FOR MY LIFE, GASPING FOR WHAT LITTLE OF THE RANCID, FETID AIR I COULD GULP IN THE UNHOLY EXCREMENT PIT OF CREATION. WHEN SUDDENLY... I WAS HEAVED ABOUT BY A NERVE-BASHING IMPACT... COUPLED WITH THE SPINE-RIPPING DIN OF METAL, SKIDDING, CRUNCHING, TEARING AND SHREDDING AGAINST SOLID ROCK! AND SOREAMING, SCREECHING CREATURES ZIPPING HEAD OVER TENTACLES, THROUGH THE SKY! MARLINING, SMASHING, FLATTENING AND SPLATTERING THEMSELVES AGAINST THE BATTERED SIDES OF MY DYING STARBUSTEN!

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I LAY ONLY HALF-CONSCIOUS UNDER THE STOMACH-CHURNING MOUNDS OF LIFELESSLY PUTRID, VOMITOUS ENTRAILS! SUDDENLY I FELT THE GENTLE METAL PROBES OF AN INTERSTELLAR HIGHWAY PATROL RUBBLE-ROOTE CHOPING AMIDST THE MOUNTAINS OF PUTRIFYING FORMS AND THEIR WAVES OF BILIOUS SECRECTIONS!

I WAS AWAKE, THEY SAID, A VERGEBLY FIRST-CLASS NUTCASE. A CANDIDATE FOR THE INTER-GALACTIC VEGETABLE SHRED-HER, REPEATING OVER AND OVER AGAIN THE SIMPLE FEEBLE-MINDED KARMA CHANT: "I'VE BEEN HAD!"





IS THAT WHAT
YOU THINK, NOAH...
ER, CLARENCE? THAT
GOD WAS PLAYING A
JOKE ON YOU?

...WHEN I KNOW THAT
I'M MORE TOGETHER THAN
THE ALL-SEEING, ALL-KNOWING
SUPREMELY DEMENTED LUNATIC
WHO PUT ME HERE!

IT'S GOD WHO
SHOULD BE WRAPPED
TIGHT AND PICKLED IN
BUG SAUCE!

YOU HEAR ME,
DOC? I'M SANE, I TELL
YOU! WHOLLY, TOTALLY
AND RATIONALLY
UNDEMENTED!

LOOK, DOC...
ALL I KNOW IS
THAT I WAS A PERFECTLY
SANE AND CONTENTED MAN...
JIDDLING MY SUCCULESHED
PATTI PORKPIE DOLL
BEFORE ALL THIS
BEGAN!

AND NOW, THEY'VE
GOT ME LOCKED AWAY
WITH THESE OTHER
GOD-BUNGING FRUIT LOOPS!
AND THEY SAY THAT I'M
STARK, RAVING
BANANAS...

I'M
SAAAAANE!

NUTTIER THAN
A MULTI-PRONGED
MAGNATESTIAN
PISSDRIPPER!

QUITE!

STILL...
THE MAN
JUST MIGHT HAVE
A POINT!

AND WHICH
POINT IS THAT,
DOCTOR?

THE ONE ABOUT
GOD BEING OFF THE
DEEP END! THINK ABOUT
IT! ALL ALONE OUT THERE!
NOBODY TO TALK TO! VOYEUR-
ISTICALLY PEEPIING INTO THE
MOST INTIMATE THOUGHTS OF
EVEN THE MOST LOWLY OF HIS
CREATIONS, EVERYBODY EITHER
IGNORING HIM, CURSING HIM OR
BESEECHING HIM FOR MIRACLE
AFTER MIRACLE, EVERY
MOMENT OF HIS
EXISTENCE!

A COUPLE
TRILLION YEARS
OF THAT MIGHT
FRAZZLE EVEN
THE BEST OF
BRAINS!

AND YOU
THINK--?

WELL, LOOK
AT IT THIS WAY,
DOC. I'VE BEEN
SHITTING ON GOD FOR
SO DAMN LONG IT'S
ABOUT TIME HE
STARTED RECIP-
ROCATING!

end

IT WAS A MILK RUN THAT PAID PREMIUM DOLLAR, AND THAT BOTHERED DIANA JACKLIGHTER A LOT! SHE HAD ONLY BEEN A PILOT IN THE TRANSPORT SERVICE FOR FIVE MONTHS, AND GRAVY JOBS LIKE THIS ALWAYS WENT TO THE OLDTIMERS WITH GRADE! BUT THERE IT WAS, DROPPED IN HER PRETTY LAP. SO NATURALLY DIANA SNAPPED IT UP!

THE HAUL WAS SIMPLE. SHE HAD ONLY TO PICK UP SEVEN CONVICTS, RENDERED HARMLESS IN DEEP FREEZE, AND DELIVER THEM TO THE PRISON PLANET OF VESTA! THERE WAS NO OTHER WORK! ALL SHE HAD TO DO WAS TO SIT BACK AND WATCH SOAP OPERAS THE WHOLE TRIP!

IT SOUNDED FAR TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! AND THAT'S WHAT BOTHERED DIANA JACKLIGHTER!

SMUT PLAYHOUSE WILL RETURN WITH TONIGHT'S FEATURE, "CAPTAIN CUNNINGUS VS. THE AMAZONS ON THE PLANET OF BONDAGE." RIGHT AFTER THIS BRIEF MESSAGE...

YOU GETTIN' OFF ON ANY OF THIS, BARNABAS?

OH, CAPTAIN CUNNINGUS IS MY ALL-TIME FAVORITE, MISTRESS! BUT HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WE HAVE TO CHECK ON OUR CARGO.

DIANA JACKLIGHTER, MANHUNTRESS!



KNOCKED UP AGAIN, SPACE CHICK? THEN YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT **PREGNANT PAUSE**, THE VAGINAL GLUE THAT-I

DAMN! I DID FORGET!

WELL, C'MON! THERE'S A **COMMERCIAL** ON! LET'S GO **NOW** SO WE CAN GET BACK IN TIME FOR THE **CLIMAX**!

DID YOU EVER SEE THE PICTURE WHERE **CAPTAIN CUNNINGUS** HAD TO FACE THE **GIANT BEAVERS** ON THE PLANET OF **CRUELTY**?

DID I EVER! HE **LICKED EVERY ONE** OF THEM, TOO!

LISTEN, **BARNABAS**... AS THE **SHIP'S OPERATION ROB**, YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT THE **DETAILS** OF THIS **MISSION** THAN I DO! TELL ME THE **TRUTH**... ARE WE IN ANY **DANGER**?

DANGER? WHAT MAKES YOU ASK THAT, **MISTRESS**?

WE HAVE ABOARD **SEVEN** OF THE MOST **RUTHLESS CRIMINALS** IN THE **GALAXY** INCLUDING A **POLITICAL TERRORIST**, A **GENOCIDALIST**, AND THE **LEADER** OF A **BIZARRE MURDER-TORTURE CULT**...

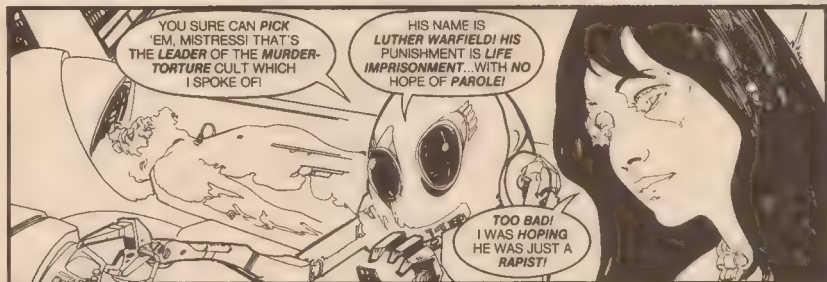
THAT'S WHAT MAKES ME ASK...I

YOU **KNOW** THERE IS NO **DANGER** WHILE THEY ARE **LOCKED** WITHIN THESE **SLEEP SHELLS**! ONLY A **SECRET CODE** FROM THE **SHIP'S NAVI-COMPUTER** CAN **RELEASE** THEM! AND SINCE I **DON'T** KNOW THE **CODE** AND **NEITHER** DO YOU...THESE **CUTTHROATS** CAN **NEVER** BE ANY MORE **DAINGEROUS** TO US THAN **CUSTARD PIES**!

PERSONALLY, HOWEVER, I HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD YOUR HUMAN HABIT OF INCARCERATING YOUR MALFUNCTIONING UNITS!

WHEN A ROBOT GOES HAYWIRE, IT IS MELTED DOWN AND RECONSTRUCTED! BUT YOU HUMANS, RATHER THAN DOING THE ONLY MERCIFUL THING, BY HANDING DOWN THE DEATH PENALTY TO THESE INCURABLE MURDERERS... SEND THEM OFF TO ROT ON PRISON PLANETS INSTEAD! IT'S POSITIVELY BARBARIC!

SPEAKING OF BARBARIANS, WHO'S THE MAGNIFICENT HUNK ASLEEP HERE, BARNABAS?



YOU SURE CAN PICK 'EM, MISTRESS! THAT'S THE LEADER OF THE MURDER-TORTURE CULT WHICH I SPOKE OF!

HIS NAME IS LUTHER WARFIELD! HIS PUNISHMENT IS LIFE IMPRISONMENT... WITH NO HOPE OF PAROLE!

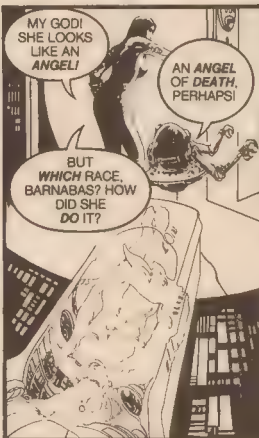
TOO BAD! I WAS HOPING HE WAS JUST A RAPIST!



AND THIS ONE... LOVELY AS A GODDESS! DOES SHE BELONG TO THE MURDER CULT, TOO?

NOTHING SO TIMID AS THAT, MISTRESS!

THAT IS MARELLA CHRYSEIS... THE GENOCIDALIST! SO DEEP IS HER VENGEFULNESS, THAT SHE HAS DESTROYED AN ENTIRE RACE OF PEOPLE!



MY GOD! SHE LOOKS LIKE AN ANGEL!

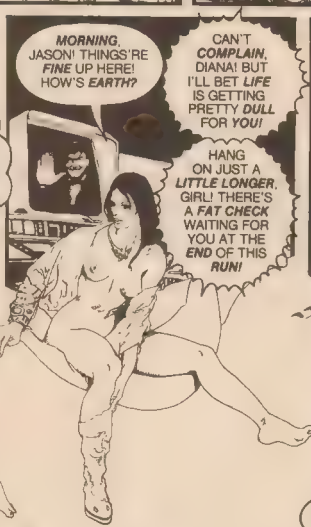
AN ANGEL OF DEATH, PERHAPS!

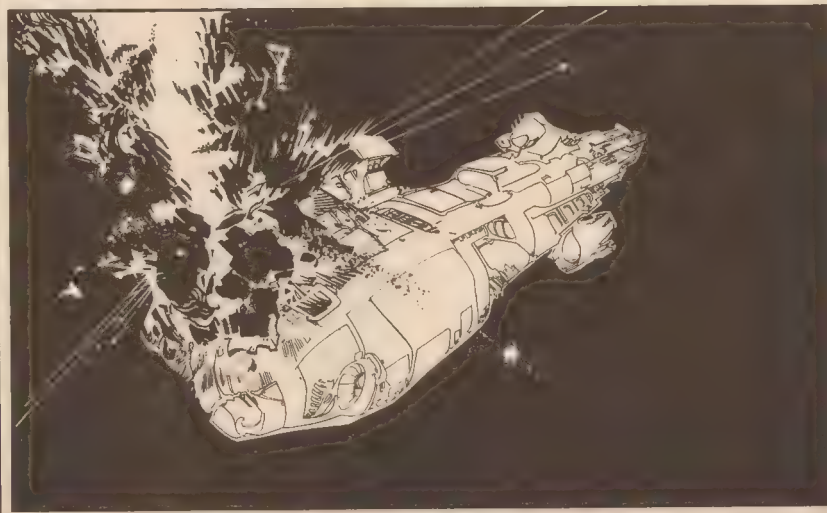
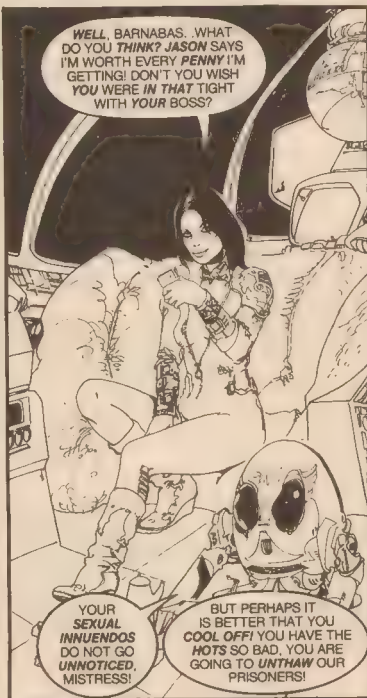
BUT WHICH RACE, BARNABAS? HOW DID SHE DO IT?

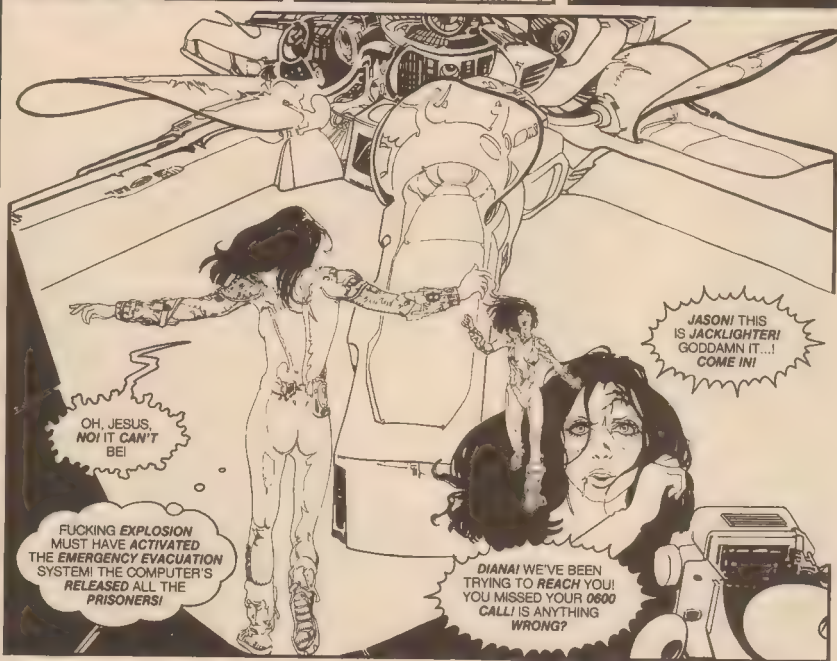


IT WAS HER FATHER'S RACE! MARELLA IS HALF-ALPHARD AND HALF-HUMAN! SHE HATED HER FATHER SO BITTERLY THAT SHE POISONED HIS HOME WORLD!

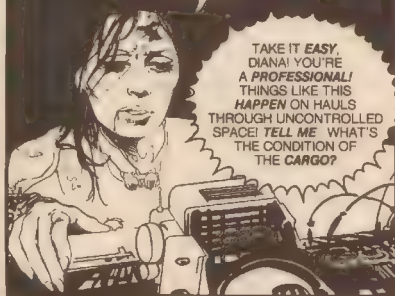
MANY MILLIONS MORE WOULD HAVE DIED, HAD SHE NOT BEEN CAUGHT IN TIME! YOU SEE, SHE HATES HER MOTHER AS WELL... AND HER MOTHER'S NATIVE WORLD IS... EARTH!





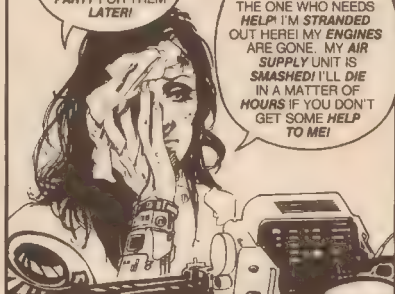


YES, DAMMIT! IT'S FUCKING
PANDEMONIUM UP HERE! THE SHIP'S
BEEN CUT IN HALF BY A METEOR...
OR COMET. I DON'T KNOW!
I NEED HELP!



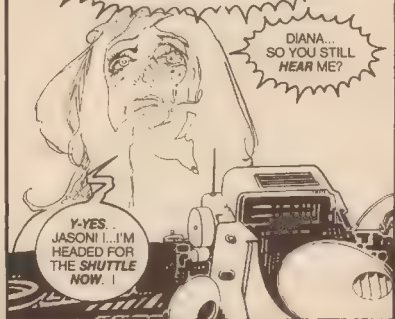
TAKE IT EASY,
DIANA! YOU'RE
A PROFESSIONAL!
THINGS LIKE THIS
HAPPEN ON HAULS
THROUGH UNCONTROLLED
SPACE! TELL ME WHAT'S
THE CONDITION OF
THE CARGO?

THEY'VE ESCAPED!
SO WHAT? YOU CAN
SEND OUT A SEARCH
PARTY FOR THEM
LATER!



JESUS CHRIST,
JASON! I'M
THE ONE WHO NEEDS
HELP! I'M STRANDED
OUT HERE! MY ENGINES
ARE GONE. MY AIR
SUPPLY UNIT IS
SMASHED! I'LL DIE
IN A MATTER OF
HOURS IF YOU DON'T
GET SOME HELP
TO ME!

THERE'S NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE,
DIANA! EITHER YOU DIE IN SPACE OR
YOU FIGHT BELOW! AND THERE'S WORSE
NEWS. I'M AFRAID... BUT I'LL SAVE IT
UNTIL YOU GATHER UP YOUR SUPPLIES
AND GET ABOARD THE SHUTTLE!



DIANA...
SO YOU STILL
HEAR ME?

Y-YES...
JASON! I...I'M
HEADED FOR
THE SHUTTLE
NOW!

THE PRISONERS ARE GONE
...ESCAPED TO SOME NEARBY
PLANET IN SHUTTLES. IS ALL I CAN
GUESS! THE COMPUTER FREED THEM
DURING THE EMERGENCY!

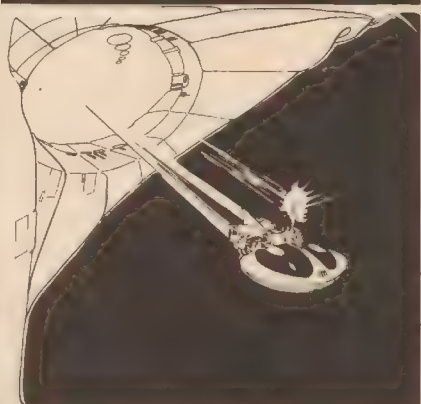
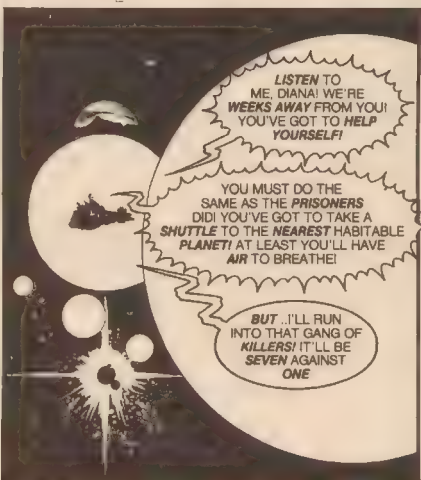


OH JESUS...
WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING, DIANA?
DO YOU HAVE ANY
IDEA WHAT THIS
MEANS?!

LISTEN TO
ME, DIANA! WE'RE
WEEKS AWAY FROM YOU!
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP
YOURSELF!

YOU MUST DO THE
SAME AS THE PRISONERS.
DID YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE A
SHUTTLE TO THE NEAREST HABITABLE
PLANET! AT LEAST YOU'LL HAVE
AIR TO BREATHE!

BUT...I'LL RUN
INTO THAT GANG OF
KILLERS! IT'LL BE
SEVEN AGAINST
ONE



JASON HERE AGAIN.
DIANA! HERE'S THE COUP
DE GRACE...! ONE OF YOUR
PRISONERS IS DEADLY SICK
A RARE PLAGUE DISEASE!
VERY DEADLY EXTREMELY
CONTAGIOUS!

WHICH
ONE IS IT,
JASON?

SWELL! THE
MURDER-TORTURE
MANIAC! BUT WON'T
I BE INFECTED AS WELL,
ONCE I REACH THE
SURFACE?

YES! UNDOUBTEDLY!
WE'RE NEAR A CURE, DIANA!
BUT I CAN'T PROMISE IT'LL
SAVE YOU IN TIME!
I...I'M SORRY!

BASTARD! WHY
DIDN'T YOU TELL
ME BEFORE THAT I'D
BE HAULING THE
PLAGUE?

BECAUSE YOU
MIGHT NOT HAVE GONE!
THE OLDTIMERS KNEW
ABOUT IT, AND WANTED
NO PART OF THE MISSION!
I NEEDED SOMEBODY NEW,
EAGER... AND A LITTLE
ON THE GREEDY SIDE!

LUTHER WARFIELD!
THE DISEASE WAS SAFELY
CONTAINED AS LONG AS HE
WAS IN HIS SLEEP SHELL! BUT
NOW...ALL THE PRISONERS ARE
LIKELY TO BE INFECTED!

MY SENSORS
ARE PICKING UP
AT LEAST ONE SHUTTLE
DIRECTLY BELOW!
INSTRUCTIONS
JASON?

ONLY ONE THING TO DO,
DIANA! YOU'VE GOT TO HUNT
THESE PRISONERS DOWN, BEFORE
THEY FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS
AREA AND CONTAMINATE THE
REST OF THE GALAXY!

YOU'VE GOT TO
KILL THEM, GIRL...
ALL SEVEN OF
THEM!

TIME TO START
EARNING THE PREMIUM
PAY, DIANA!

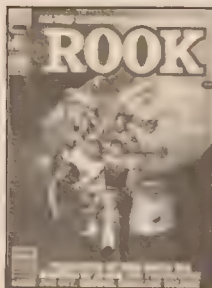
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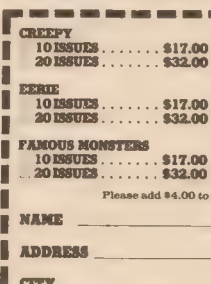
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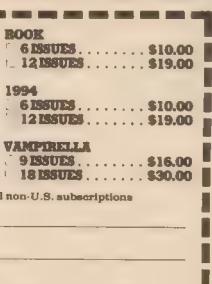
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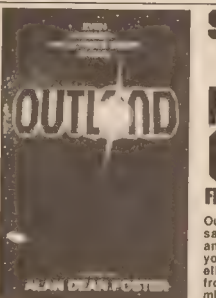
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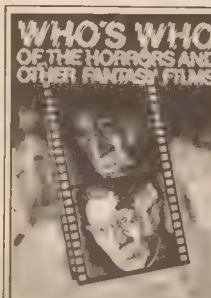
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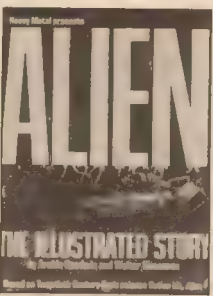
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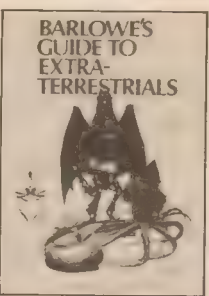
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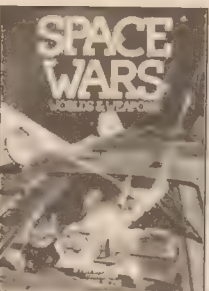
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ONCE, WHEN DAYS WERE LONG WITH THE WARMTH OF GOLDEN SUMMERS, WHEN AIR WAS TINGED WITH THE SWEET PERFUME OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS, AND SKIES WERE CALM AND CLEAR, THE COLOR OF PUREST AZURE GEMSTONES, THE LAND BELONGED TO THE RED MAN!

BUT THEN THE GREAT MAGGOT-SPIRIT DUNGWORM, SLITHERED FROM THE EXCREMENT PIT OF THE GODS, AND PUSHED FORTH THE RANCID FORM OF THE SICKLY-PALE WHITE MAN FROM ITS ODIOUSLY RABID WOMB!

LITTLE BEAVER

AND THE ALABASTER MAGGOTBALLS DID MULTIPLY INCESTUOUSLY, AND SMOOTHER THE LAND WITH THEIR STERCORACEOUS PRESENCE, UNTIL THE GREAT FIRE GODS, WEARY OF BREATHING AIR BEFOULED BY THE HOARY HUMAN'S FLATULENCE, SICKENED BY PUTRID MARMOREAL DEFECATION UPON THE SEAS AND FORESTS, EXPUNGED THE UNHOLY LIMPWADS STRAIGHT FROM THE BOWELS OF CREATION!

SO, AT LEAST, CLAIMS ONLY ONE OF THE MANY NOBLE AND ALLEGED RED MAN LEGENDS, ISSUED FROM THE ANCIENT AND OFTEN PREVARACATING LIPS OF A TEMPERMENTAL OLD INDIAN CRONE NAMED GRANDMOTHER RUNNING BOX!



THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING... ALL OVER AMERICA!

WHETHER YOU BELIEVE THE LEGEND OR NOT, DEPENDS A GREAT DEAL UPON HOW NAIVE YOU ARE!

LITTLE BEAVER...SOLE SURVIVING HOPE OF A ONCE-PROUD SEMMWOLF NATION...BELIEVED WHICH TELLS YOU A LOT ABOUT HOW YOUNG AND NAIVE SHE WAS...AND ALMOST NOTHING ABOUT THE WAY THINGS REALLY WERE

IF TRUTH BE TOLD...THE WORLD HAD TURNED TO SHIT...AND WAS JUST ON THE VERGE OF CLIMBING FROM THE CESSPOOL!

THE REDS (SOVIET VARIETY) HAD NUKED THE WHITES, WHO NUKED THE SLANTS, WHO DIDN'T GIVE A FUCK ANYWAY, BECAUSE THEY WERE ALL TOO BUSY COPULATING TO EVEN KNOW THERE WAS A WAR GOING ON!

THE U.S. OF A. WAS ONE GREAT BIG NUCLEAR TOILET BOWL! THE CITIES WERE GONE! THE PEOPLE WERE GONE! AND ABOUT THE ONLY FOLKS LEFT ALIVE WERE A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD INDIAN GIRL AND HER GLANDULARLY-FRESCOUS SIXTY-TWO YEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER!

OH, YES!

AND AN OCCASIONAL TENTACLED GROATIE WITH NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN TO GRAPPLE THE BUD-DING HUBS OF PRETTY LITTLE INDIAN PLAYTHINGS!

MMFFFF!

GLBBB!

CHEEE CHEEE!
TEEE TEEEE!
CLITT CLITT!
WEEEEE!

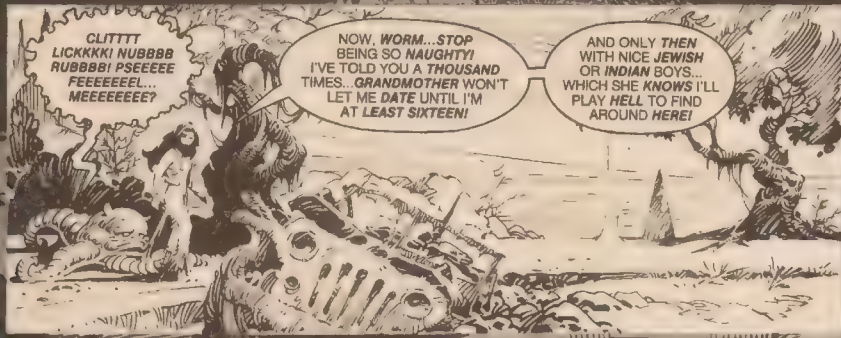
NAUGHTY WORM! YOU KNOW GRANDMOTHER DOESN'T WANT YOU TOUCHING ME THERE!



SHE DOESN'T WANT YOU TOUCHING ME ANYWHERE!

SHE SAYS YOU'RE A GROTESQUE, OVERSEXED SLUG, WITH ACUTE AND UNNATURAL PENILE FIXATIONS.

AND THAT YOU'RE ONLY OUT TO WARP MY VIRTUOUSLY IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNG MIND!



CLITTTT
LICKKKKI NUBBBB
RUBBBB! PSEEEEEE
FEEEEEEEEE!
MEEEEEEEEE!

NOW, WORM...STOP
BEING SO NAUGHTY!
I'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND
TIMES. GRANDMOTHER WON'T
LET ME DATE UNTIL I'M
AT LEAST SIXTEEN!

AND ONLY THEN
WITH NICE JEWISH
OR INDIAN BOYS...
WHICH SHE KNOWS I'LL
PLAY HELL TO FIND
AROUND HERE!



YOU KNOW HOW PREJUDICED
SHE IS WHEN IT COMES TO
YOU MUTANT TYPES! BAD BLOOD!
ILLEGITIMACY! INTER-
BREEDING AND ALL THAT!

SHE'LL
JUST CREAM
IF SHE SEES
ME HANGING
OUT WITH
YOU AGAIN!



KREEGAH!
BUNDOLO!



GRANDMOTHER!
NOOOOOO!

TAKE THAT,
Y'SLITHERIN'
PECKER-FACED
BABY EATER!

OWEEEEEEEEE!



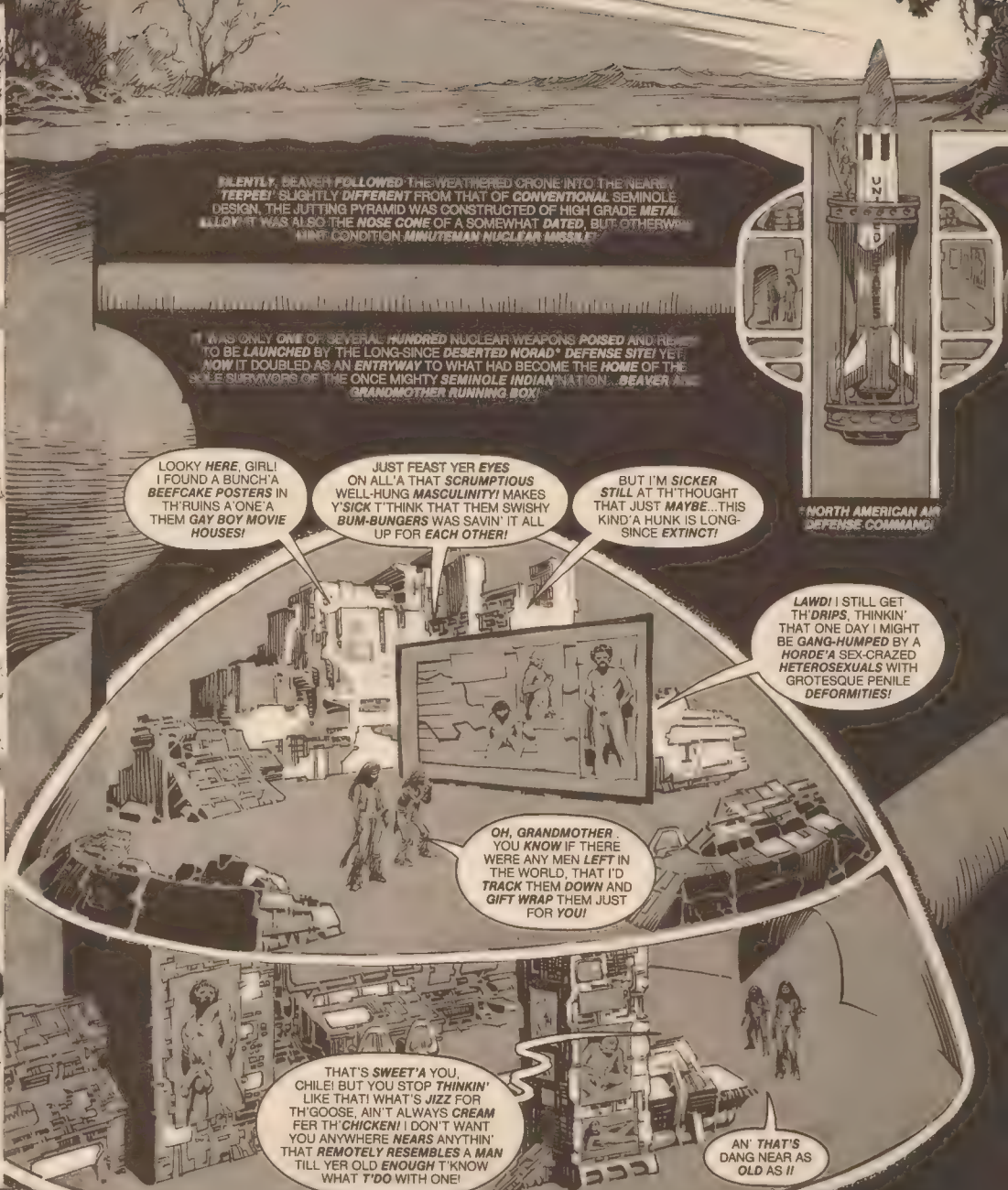
OH, GRANDMOTHER!
HOW COULD YOU? YOU'VE
MAIMED MY POOR
LITTLE WORM!

C'MON, GIRL!
YOU KNOW AS
WELL AS I DO...
THEM GROVELIN'
GROPIES GROW THEM
SLIMY TWAT PROBERS
BACK AT TH'DROP
OF A HAT!



'SIDES...I ONLY
CIRCUMCIZED HIM A
HAIR...CAUSE WE NEEDED
TH'FLAVORIN' FOR OUR
STEWPOTI!

SPEAKIN' A GOOD
THINGS T'EAT. COME
ON DOWN T'THE SMOKE ROOM
AN' I'LL SHOW Y'THE TREASURES
I DREDGED UP FROM THE
CITY T'DAY!



SILENTLY, BEAVER FOLLOWED THE WEATHERED CRONE INTO THE NEARBY
"TEEPEE," SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF CONVENTIONAL SEMINOLE
DESIGN. THE JUTTING PYRAMID WAS CONSTRUCTED OF HIGH GRADE METAL.
BUT IT WAS ALSO THE NOSE CONE OF A SOMEWHAT DATED, BUT OTHERWISE
IN FINE CONDITION MINUTEMAN NUCLEAR MISSILE.

IT WAS ONLY ONE OF SEVERAL HUNDRED NUCLEAR WEAPONS POISED AND READY
TO BE LAUNCHED BY THE LONG-SINCE DESERTED MORAD* DEFENSE SITE! YET
NOW IT DOUBLED AS AN ENTRYWAY TO WHAT HAD BECOME THE HOME OF THE
SOLE SURVIVORS OF THE ONCE MIGHTY SEMINOLE INDIAN NATION...BEAVER AND
GRANDMOTHER RUNNING BOX.

LOOKY HERE, GIRL!
I FOUND A BUNCH'A
BEEFCAKE POSTERS IN
TH'RUINS A ONE-A
THEM GAY BOY MOVIE
HOUSES!

JUST FEAST YER EYES
ON ALL'A THAT SCRUMPTIOUS
WELL-HUNG MASCULINITY! MAKES
Y'SICK T'THINK THAT THEM SWISHY
BUM-BUNGERS WAS SAVIN' IT ALL
UP FOR EACH OTHER!

BUT I'M SICKER
STILL AT TH'THOUGHT
THAT JUST MAYBE...THIS
KIND'A HUNK IS LONG-
SINCE EXTINCT!

LAWD! I STILL GET
TH'DRIPS. THINKIN'
THAT ONE DAY I MIGHT
BE GANG-HUMPED BY A
HORDE'A SEX-CRAZED
HETEROSEXUALS WITH
GROTESQUE PENILE
DEFORMITIES!

OH, GRANDMOTHER...
YOU KNOW IF THERE
WERE ANY MEN LEFT IN
THE WORLD, THAT I'D
TRACK THEM DOWN AND
GIFT WRAP THEM JUST
FOR YOU!

THAT'S SWEET'A YOU,
CHILE! BUT YOU STOP THINKIN'
LIKE THAT! WHAT'S Y'JIZZ FOR
TH'GOOSE, AIN'T ALWAYS CREAM
FER TH'CHICKEN! I DON'T WANT
YOU ANYWHERE NEARS ANYTHIN'
THAT REMOTELY RESEMBLES A MAN
TILL YER OLD ENOUGH T'KNOW
WHAT T'DO WITH ONE!

AN' THAT'S
DANG NEAR AS
OLD AS I!

*NORTH AMERICAN AIR
DEFENSE COMMAND!



MAMI LONG-TOOTH BY MANY MEANINGS OTHER PSEUDO-INTELLIGENT LIFE-FORMS...LIKE MUTANTS, BEAVER AND GRANNY) TO BE EXTING IN THAT VAST REGION BORDERED BY THE ATLANTIC ON ONE SIDE AND THE GREAT PACIFIC ON THE OTHER...WAS, LIKE THE LAND, MAKING A TRIUMPHANT COMEBACK!

EVEN AS THE NAIVE BEAVER AND HER LUBRICOUS GRANDMOTHER SPOKE, A SMALL BAND OF THREE SU...PENILE-INFLECTED CREATURES...RED MEN OF DIFFERENT SORT...WERE SLOWLY WENDING THEIR WAY TOWARDS BEAVER'S HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS!

DA! THIS WATER IS GOOI! OUR BOMBS HAVE CLEANSED ALL THE FILTH FROM THIS PROMISED LAND. EH, COMRADES?

SOON, MANY RUSSIANS WILL BE ABLE TO MIGRATE TO THIS COUNTRY! ALL AMERICA WILL, AT LONG LAST, BECOME GLORIOUS SOVIET STATE!

NOT UNTIL WE ARE CERTAIN THAT NO ISOLATED AMERICAN FORCES HAVE SURVIVED THE YEARS OF RADIOACTIVE POISONING, COMRADE!

ACCORDING TO OUR INFORMATION, THERE IS YET ANOTHER AMERICAN MISSILE COMPLEX NOT FAR FROM HERE! PERHAPS IT, TOO, SHELTERS MUTANT SURVIVORS!

THE RUSSIAN-MADE HALF-TRACK RUMBLED FROM THE SWAMPLAND THE ROAR OF THE BURLY MEN'S LAUGHTER ECHOING THROUGH THE TREES!

SUDDENLY...THERE WAS MOVEMENT AMONG THE DENSE SWAMP GRASS

AND A PAIR OF WORRIED EYES STARED AFTER THE SPEEDING VEHICLE!

IF IT DOES, WE WILL END THEIR SUFFERING AS ABRUPTLY AS WE HAVE THE OTHERS, EH, COMRADES? HA HA HA HA HA!

NOW YOU RUN ALONG AN' KILL SOMETHIN'. GIRL! I'M GONNA SPEND TH' REST A MY AFTERNOON GETTIN' RIPPED ON SOME A TH' FINEST WEED SINCE THIS SIDE'A THE '94 PROHIBITION!

WORM, THE OCTI-LIMBED MUTANT WONDER WITH THE QUASI-INTELLIGENT BRAIN, HAD HEARD EVERY WORD VOICED BY THESE STRANGELY GRUFF HUMANOID...AND WHILE THE DICTION AND SOME OF THE WORDS WERE STRANGE TO HIM...THEIR MEANING WAS AWESOMELY CLEAR!

MEANWHILE...BEAVER PREPARED FOR HER DAILY HUNT AS GRANDMOTHER RUNNING BOX, SOLE SURVIVOR OF A LONG-SINCE EXTING HIPPY GENERATION, PULLED OUT HER HOME GROWN STASH FOR A LITTLE LATE AFTERNOON RELAXATION!

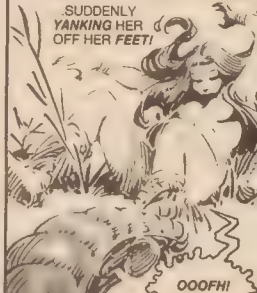
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T HAVE CHASED WORM AWAY, GRANDMOTHER! YOU KNOW HOW HE LIKES TO HELP ME ON THE HUNT!

YEAH! AN' I KNOWS WHAT ELSE HE'D LIKE T'BE DOIN' WITH Y'IN THEM WOODS, TOO, CHILE!

YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM! WE DON'T NEED NO ACCIDENTALLY TENTACLED MISHAPS CREEPIN' 'ROUND HERE NINE MONTHS FROM T'DAY!

OH, GRANDMOTHER! I WISH YOU'D STOP WORRYING SO! WORM AND I ARE JUST GOOD FRIENDS!

THAT'S TH' WAY IT ALWAYS STARTS, GIRL. TIL THEM PORK-PULLIN' HAMMERSMITHS GITS A SNIFF OF YER SWEET SMELLIN' HONEY POT! THEN THERE'S NO KEEPIN' 'EM AT BAY!



...THAT HER AND I ARE THE LAST PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET!

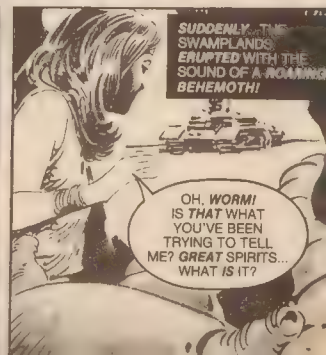
POOR GRANDMOTHER! SHE MEANS WELL! BUT SOMETIMES I THINK SHE'S LIVING IN THE PAST! SHE'LL NEVER ACCEPT THE TRUTH...

AS BEAVER STRODE THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH, A SNAKE-LIKE OBJECT SLITHERED CLOSE BEHIND HER...

OOOFH!



MSSSSSST
WRRRRRN
BVVVVVVVRI
BAAAAAD
MANNNNNS!



BVRRRRRI!
BDDDDDD
MANNNNNS
CHMMMMING!

WORM! WHEN ARE YOU EVER GOING TO STOP SNEAKING UP ON ME?

BDDDDDD
MANNNNNS
CHMMMMING!
DNGRRR!

OH, WORM! SOMETIMES I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU AT ALL!

OH, WORM! IS THAT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL ME? GREAT SPIRITS...WHAT IS IT?

SUDDENLY, THE SWAMPLANDS ERUPTED WITH THE SOUND OF A HOWLING BEHEMOTH!

THE RUSSIAN HALF-TRACK
RUMBLING ACROSS THE HIDDEN
MISSILE FIELD, ITS OCCUPANTS
UNWARE THAT THEY HAD
ARRIVED AT THE FORMER
BASE...UNTIL THEY WERE
PRACTICALLY ATOP THE
NUCLEAR WARHEAD!

BORIS! LOOK! THERE IS
SMOKING CAMPFIRE! THERE ARE
YANKEE SURVIVORS HERE!

WORSE THAN THAT,
IVAN! THAT IS AMERICAN
MISSILE!

WE MUST
PROCEED WITH
CAUTION!

SEEING THE
SEEMINGLY
LIFELESS
FORM OF
THE OLD
WOMAN BY
THE
CAMPFIRE,
THE WARY
RUSSIANS
EDGED
SLOWLY
FORWARD!

OH, COMRADE! WHATEVER
IT IS, IT IS LONG-DEAD AND
PETRIFIED!

QUIET, FOOL!
I THINK IT IS
SLEEPING!

THE OLD WOMAN,
BELIEVING THE
FACES TO BE LITTLE
MORE THAN THE
WISHFUL
EFFECTS OF
SOME FAR-OUT
ELECTRIC
HOPE...SLOWLY
OPENED AN EYE
WHILE PRAYING THAT
THE HALLUCINATION
WOULDN'T DISSIPATE
BEFORE HER!



STAND GUARD,
COMRADES. IN
CASE OTHER
SURVIVORS ARE
NEAR!

THE CRONE
WILL SHOW ME
HER WARHEADS!

AS THE CLEVER MUTANT
EXPLAINED HIS PLAN (TO THE
BEST OF HIS LIMITED ABILITY),
THE ANGRY RUSSIAN PUSHED
GRANDMOTHER RUNNING BOX
DOWN THE SILO...INTO THE
MASSIVE UNDERGROUND
COMPLEX...

OH, WORM!
THEY'RE HURTING
GRANDMOTHER! WE'VE
GOT TO STOP THEM!

BUT I AIN'T
NEVER BEEN ONE T'LET
A GOOD DAMP DREAM GO
T'WASTE!

WELL I'LL BE
SKEWERED! TH' GREAT
WHITE SPIRIT HAS A
HEART AFTER ALL!

I KNOW Y' ALL
AIN'T NOTHIN MORE
THAN FIGMENTS'A
MY DELUDED
IMAGININ'S

WORM SLITHERED INTO
THE SWAMP WHILE
BEAVER RACED TOWARDS
THE RUSSIAN
HALF-TRACK!

I HOPE WORM'S
PLAN WORKS! THOSE
MAN-CREATURES
LOOK NONE TOO
PLEASANT!

FINDING THE
WASTE OUTLET
FOR THE
UNDERGROUND
COMPLEX'S SEWAGE
SYSTEM...THE
MUTANT QUICKLY
COMPRESSED HIS
SINGLE-LESS BODY...AND
FLUSHED HIMSELF
THROUGH THE
PLUMBING...

...UNTIL HE WAS
AGAIN ABLE TO
SEE THE LIGHT OF
DAY!

GAAAAA!

QUICKLY, THE
STERCORACEOUS
MONSTROSITY
SLITHERED FROM THE
COMMODORE...

...AND CREEPED SLOWLY ACROSS THE CONTROL
ROOM FLOOR...STRAIGHT FOR THE UNSUSPECTING
RUSSIAN!

I HAVE HEARD YOUR
MISSILE SITES WERE
WONDROUS TO BEHOLD...
BUT NEVER DID I HOPE
TO FIND ONE INTACT!

IT IS A
MIRACLE THAT
THIS FACILITY
WAS NOT DESTROYED
BY OUR GLORIOUS
RUSSIAN BOMBS!

I TELL
Y' SONNY THAT
AIN'T TH' ONLY
MIRACLE 'ROUND
HERE! YER 'BOUT
T' SEE ANOTHER
ONE. FIRST
HAND AN'
CLOSE UP!

NOOOOOOOO,
BVRRRRR!
TOOOOOOOO
DNJRSSSS!

WRMMMMM
HASSSSSSSS
PLANNNNNN!

VILE CRONE!
DO NOT DEFILE
MY MOST SACRED
ESSENCE!

HUHHHN??

WHOOOOI?

SLIMMEEES
HUMMMNNNS
...ALLLLLLL
SMLLLL LKKKK
DNNNNNNG!

OUTSIDE THE MISSILE CENTER, BEAVER LEAPED ATOP THE RUSKIE HALFTRACK, CALLING INTO PLAY ALL OF THE NATURAL TALENTS WHICH THE GREAT SPIRITS BEQUEATHED HER!

HOW, OH VIRILE AND WELL-HUNG MAN-THINGS!

I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF YOUR INFAMOUS PENILE MALFORMITIES! COULD I PERSUADE YOU TO SHOW ME HOW THEY ARE EMPLOYED?

PENILE MAL-?! COMRADE... DOES THE DEMENTED ONE SPEAK OF THAT WHICH I THINK SHE SPEAKS?

IT IS SO COMRADE BORIS OUR BOMBS HAVE TRULY DISEASED HER MIND!

I SEE NO REASON TO DENY HER MOST REASONABLE REQUEST!

I AGREE, COMRADE! I AGREE!

THE RUSSIANS ZIPPED TOWARDS THEIR VEHICLE... BUT NOT BEFORE BEAVER VAULTED INTO THE SWAMPLANDS.

BUT STILL IF THE DISEASE IS NOT CONTAGIOUS-!

INSTANTLY... THE ENTIRE FIELD OF HIDDEN WARHEADS SLOWLY BEGAN TO ASCEND FROM THEIR CONCEALED SILOS.

...ONE, STRATEGICALLY LOCATED DIRECTLY BENEATH THE RUSSIAN HALF-TRACK... SLOWLY LIFTED THE CRAFT FROM THE LAUNCH PAD.

N-NOOOO! IT IS NOT POSSIBLE!

COMRADE! W-WE ARE RISING!

H-HELP US...

HELLLLP!

...THEN ROARED WITH THE ANGRY THUNDER OF THE GODS AS GREAT BILLOWING CLOUDS OF ROCKET EXHAUST DROWNED THE FEEBLE CRIES OF THE SCREAMING MEN!

AN INSTANT LATER, THE GREAT FIRE GODS THEMSELVES COULD BE SEEN PUSHING THE MISSILE, THE VEHICLE, AND ITS HAPLESS PASSENGERS STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE REALM OF THE GREAT SPIRITS IN THE SKY!

...HER EVERY MOVE MONITORED ON THE FULLY ACTIVATED VIDEO SCREENS BELOW!

MSSSSSSST HRRRRRRY!

LIKE A FLASH OF TENTACLE LIGHTNING, THE MUTANT WORM LUNGED FOR THE MISSILE IGNITION KEYS!

LOOKY HERE, MUTIE! THEM PUD-PULLIN' PALE FACES IS HOT ON M'BEAVER'S TAIL!

THEY SO MUCH AS SPURT ON HER I'LL GIVE 'EM TH' QUICKEST SEX CHANGE THEY EVER SEEN!

N-NOOOOOO! ST-STAY AWAY! STAY AWAYYY!

THAT... OR MOTHER RUSSIA... BEAVER WASN'T REAL SURE WHICH.

THE SWEETLY SCENTED WINDS BLEW THE LINGERING EXHAUST CLOUDS AWAY... AND, AS BEAVER TURNED TO DESCEND INTO THE MISSILE SILO... A SLITHERING, SEVEN AND A HALF ARMED GROATIE EMERGED FROM THE PROTRUDING NOSEcone!

WORM! GRANDMOTHER RUNNING BOX-I SHE'S... ALL RIGHT?

LET ME GUESS... SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED!

'CAUSE IF I KNOW GRANDMOTHER SHE THINKS THAT SHE'S IN LOVE!

SHEEEEEEEES FINNNNNNNNE, BVRRRRRRR! BUTTTTT...

POOOOOOOR MANNNNNN!

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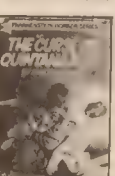
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OF ALIZZAR

BY FRANK THORNE

SOLEMN INCANTATIONS ECHO FROM THE HIGH EBONY TOWER AT MIST-SHROUDED URDI RAHMUZ, THE MULTI-ARMED SORCERER, THWARTED IN HIS ATTEMPTS TO CAPTURE THE BLONDE HARLOT OF ALIZZAR FOR HIS HAREMS, INTONES THE SPELL OF THE THOUSAND SHADOWS, THE CONJURATION OF MANIFOLD FORM! MEANWHILE, FAR TO THE NORTH, GHITA AND HER COMPANIONS APPROACH AN INN ON THE FOREST ROAD TO DRUAND!

IF THAT LODGING HOUSE BE THE LONG-STAFF, I'LL KNOW IT AND ITS OWNER AS GOGO OF NEPHYS!

I HOPE HIS MUTTON IS NOT A HAZARD OF THE COURSE BACK TO ALIZZAR!

I'D RISK A CASE OF THE SUMPS TO CHEW EVEN GREEN MUTTON, MY GODDESS!

IT TRULY IS GOGO! DO YOU REMEMBER THENEF OF NEPHYS?

THE PRIEST'S SON! WELCOME TO YOU AND YOUR COMRADES, THENEF! WELCOME TO THE LONGSTAFF!

I'M FLUSTERED IN THE COMPANY OF SUCH A FINE PAIR OF PEEPING NUBS!

GOGO'S FAMOUS LONG-STAFF IS LONGER STILL IN GAZING AT THEM!

GOGO PASSES ANOTHER SERVING OF GIMMEAD TO THE ROYAL TRIO! "EVEN THE NOBLES FROM OHMZOW STOP AT THE LONGSTAFF ON THEIR WAY TO ALIZAM!" HE BOASTS! GHITA BLOWS THE SUDS FROM A BRIMMING BLACKJACK. "GO GOGO! YOU'RE A FRIGGING, FINE RUMHOUND SHE CURGLES!" "A NATURAL BOOZER! WE'LL BE ENJOYING THIS NIGHT AFTER A PITWASH AND A DOUSING OF ROSEWOOD LOTION!"

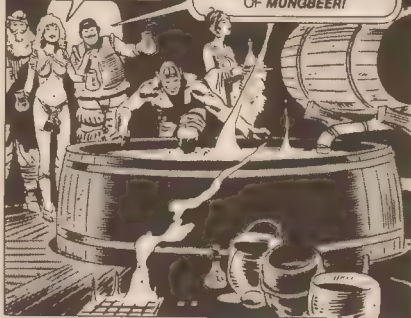
COME! YOU'LL HAVE A HOT TUB! WE'VE THE BIGGEST AND BEST PLUMBING IN THE PROVINCE!

TYANAI BRING THE SCENTED SOAP AND OILS!



HAIRBALLS OF DUNGI! IT BE A TUN'S SIZE!

FRESHLY FILLED WITH HEATED SPRING WATER, AND SPIKED WITH A HOGSHEAD OF MUNGBEER!



I'D FANCY DIPPING MY ARSE IN AN OCEAN OF MUNGBEER!

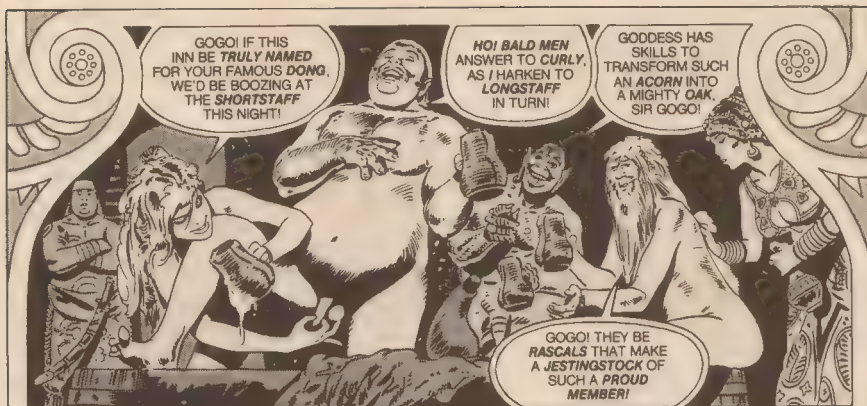
THEREFI! IT BE ENOUGH TO DROWN THE FLEAS IN YOUR BEARD!



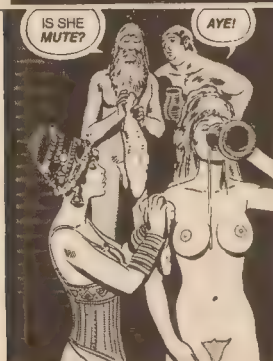
IN YOU GO, OLD DUMPLING!

SO AS MUCH WILL GOGO!





"TYANA! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS MIRTH?" BUT THE MAID DOES NOT ANSWER THENEF'S QUESTIONS!

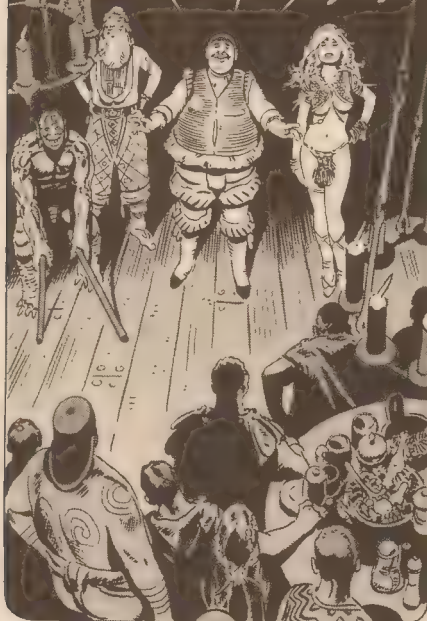


THE LONGSTAFF THROBS WITH SOUNDS OF REVELRY!
LOCAL GENTRY GATHER IN FOR THE EVENING'S SHOW,
HOSTED BY GOGO, AND FEATURING RANDOM TALENT THAT
HAPPENS ALONG THE FOREST ROAD TO ALIZARR!

I PRESENT, FOR
YOUR PLEASURE
...DAHIB, THE
STEEL-JAWED!

THENEF,
SUPREME
MASTER
JUGGLER!

AND GHITA
...WITH HER
DANCE OF
THE SWORD!



DAHIB STRUTS ABOUT THE PERFORMING AREA! "THESE
RODS BE OF QUARRY MON," HE ANNOUNCES! "WITH BARE
HANDS I WILL BEND ONE INTO A CIRCLE! THE OTHER I WILL
BITE AS TO MAKE TWO BARS FROM ONE!"



AS THENEF WINDS UP HIS ACT, GOGO SOLICITS A SWORD
FROM THE MOUNTAINOUS GRILL COOK!

MU-TAU
IS HONORED
TO HAVE YOU
DANCE WITH
HIS BLADE!



SEE THIS
MINGAN
SHAFT,
GOGO?

AYE?



IT IS A
PENIS!



AYE, GHITA!
IT BE PLAIN
TO SEE! IT IS
A PENIS!

A...
PEEE-
NIS!



GHITA'S FRENZIED DANCE BRINGS SHOUTS OF APPROVAL AND WILD APPLAUSE FROM THE ONLOOKERS!



ONLY MU-TAU, THE COOK, REMAINS SILENT! A TRICKLE OF DRÖOL OZZES DOWN THE CHIN OF THE HULKING MINGAN!



MU-TAU
TAKE SWORD...
DO TRICK!

YOU MAY
FIND THE
AUDIENCE
SPENT IN
WATCHING
GHITA!



SQUIRES AND LADIES OF
THE KINGDOM. ONE FINAL
SHOW OF SKILL! MU-TAU, WHOSE
TALENT IN COOKING IS
WELL KNOWN, WILL DO...
A TRICK!



TYANA WILL
DO TRICK WITH
MU-TAU!



I AM MU-TAU! I
DO TRICK WITH
ANCESTRAL TANTO
SWORD!



WITH PONDEROUS GRACE, MU-TAU GESTURES TOWARD THE SKEPTICAL TYANA! HE INTONES A HYPNOTIC INCANTATION IN A DIALECT SPOKEN ONLY BY THE SHAMENS OF FAR MINGAI!

NAM-MKH-AH-DVYINGS!
KYI-KVANG-PHYUNNGG-
MA-DAG-PAHI-SGY-LUI!



TICKLE MY
BOOBERS!
THE BIG
LUMMOX
HAS HER
TRANCED!

A TRIFLE!
EASILY
DONE!



THE BLADE OF THE TANTO SWORD SLICES THROUGH THE NECK OF THE WOMAN...IN A BLOODLESS SWEEP OF TERRIFYING ACCURACY! SHE REMAINS ERECT AND IMMOBILE! THE AUDIENCE IS STUNNED TO SILENCE!



MU-TAU WHISKS AN EMPTY SERVING TRAY FROM A NEARBY TABLE, AND CAREFULLY LIFTS ANA'S HEAD FROM HER BODY! HE PLACES IT ON THE PLATE!



THE SPECTATORS ARE HORROR-STRICKEN! THEN, AS ALL REALIZE THAT THE TRICK IS MERELY A MASTERFUL ILLUSION, THEY CHEER MU-TAU'S SKILL IN UNISON!



GOLDEN TONGUE, PITY YOU CANNOT SPEAK, FOR I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU HOW THE FAT GIANT DOES THIS TRICK!



SWEET NOTCH, BEWARE THE MINGAN COOK! FLEE! SHUN URDI! DO NOT RETURN TO ALIZARR!



ONLY GHITA, OF ALL IN THE ROOM, HEARS TYANA SPEAK! EVEN MU-TAU IS UNAWARE OF THE MESSAGE WHISPERED TO THE BLONDE GODDESS!

SHE...
THE HEAD
SPEAKS!

TRICK
FINISHED!

GHITA **TUGS** AT THENEF'S BEARD AND **SCREAMS** ABOVE THE **APPLAUSE!** "WIZARD! DID YOU NOT HEAR THE VOICE FROM THE HEAD?" THENEF IS **TRIUMPHANT** IN HIS REPLY! "IT WAS A LEG OF MUTTON ON THE TRAY! THE WOMAN'S HEAD NEVER LEFT HER BODY! THE COOK DID A BIT OF SPELLBINDING ON ALL WHO WERE NOT **WARY** OF HIS **TRICKERY!**"

BUT IT **SPOKE**
A DIRE **WARNING**
TO ME, YOU
BUMHOLE!

HOW COULD TYANA
SPEAK TO ME, SO
SOFTLY FROM ACROSS
THE ROOM?

PERHAPS SHE BE **MUTE** OUT
OF **FEAR**, AND VOICED HER
WARNING AS A **FRIGHTENED**
SPIRIT WHILE **ENTRANCED!**

IF THERE BE A
PLOT AGAINST US,
THENEF, I'LL SOON
KNOW OF IT! I'LL
BED WITH TYANA
THIS NIGHT!

ARE YOU
CERTAIN THE WENCH
WILL **WARM** TO SUCH
SPORT... ENOUGH
TO **LOOSEN**
HER TONGUE?

AYE!

SHE BE THE **BEST**
NOTCH **NUZZLER**
I'VE ENJOYED. **SHORT**
OF YOU, WISE AND
NOBLE WIZARD!

TO BE CONTINUED!

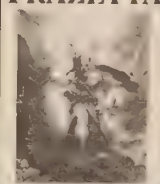
**FRANK
FRAZETTA**
Collect a
complete
set of
Frazetta's
barbarians
and
veluptuous
women!

FRAZETTA



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FRAZETTA

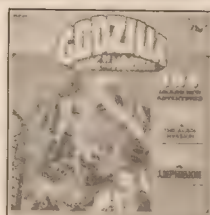


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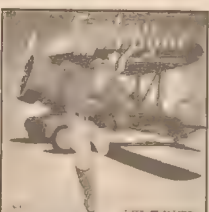
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MALTESE FALCON: It was a jinxed statuette that brought death & riches! Humphrey Bogart is Sam Spade! Super radio! #2334—\$3.95



THE SHADOW: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" Lamont Cranston does! A 1940's mystery-horror masterpiece! #2326—\$6.95



SOUNDS TO MAKE YOU SHIVER: It's all here! Howling wind, rattling chains, maniacal laughter & more! Great fun for parties! #2341—\$3.25

IF GOD HAD MEANT MAN TO STAY IN SPACE, HE'D HAVE STUCK A CATINUM PIPE UP HIS ASS.

SOME PEOPLE
THINK THAT HUMANS'VE COME A LONG WAY
SINCE THOSE INSIGHTFUL WORDS WERE
SPOKEN BY A TWENTIETH CENTURY
TERRAN EVANGELIST.

THEY
AREN'T
QUITE SO
SURE!

CERTAINLY THEY'VE MOVED FORWARD
TECHNOLOGICALLY, TRAVERSING THE IMMENSE
DISTANCES TO THE NEAREST STARS, AND EVEN
MAKING THE VAST AREA IN BETWEEN THEIR OWN.

THEY'VE MINGLED WITH THEIR STELLAR
NEIGHBORS AND HAVE JOINED THE
GREAT AND GLORIOUS MELTING POT
THAT'S MADE INTERGALACTIC
MONGRELS OF US ALL!

BUT WHILE IT WAS EARTH'S DREAMERS AND
EXPLORERS WHO PAVED THE SPACEWAYS
FOR TERRANS, IT WAS THEIR
POLITICIANS WHO
ULTIMATELY
BENEFITED FROM
IT ALL!

AND POLITICS, IN ANY
AGE IS MADDENINGLY THE
SAME. MOTIVATED BY
ONE, LONE DRIVING
FORCE...

POWER!
OFTEN
OBTAINED
ANY COST.

SPEARCHUCKER SPADE

INTERGALACTIC EYE!

IT WAS TERRAN POLITICS WHICH GAVE ME ONE'VE MY MOST MEMORABLE CASES EVER
NEAR STARTED A FULL SCALE INTERGALACTIC WAR!

BY 2550 A.D. EARTH TIME... HUMANITY
HUNG, WHEN HUMAN IRRATIONALITY
REACHES ITS ZENITH. THE MAJOR
TECHNOLOGICAL POWERS... POLAND,
GHANA, ZIMBABWE AND BEAR ISLAND
CONTROLLED EIGHTY PERCENT OF THE
SPACEWAY.

THE CGW
GLOMERATED
STATES OF
AMERICA, WHOSE
INFLUENCE HAD
BEEN IN A
WISDOM SINCE
THE MARKET
CRASH OF '24, HAD
LONG SINCE
CEASED TO BE A
SIGNIFICANT
FORCE IN EARTH'S
STELLAR
COMMUNITY.

BUT MANY PEOPLE
WANTED FOR A RUDE
AWAKENING.

FOR THE TERRANS, THE AMERICAN VIOLATION OF THE DEBARK
TREATY, WHICH GUARANTEED THE INDEPENDENT NATIONS OF THE COSMOS
THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS, WAS THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

THE REASON: BY HOOK OR
CROOK, THE HUMILIATED COUNTRY
WANTED DESPERATELY TO
RECLAIM ITS LOST STATURE IN
THE STELLAR COMMUNITY.

WHEN IT MEANT DESTROYING THE
MOTHER-JUMPIN' STELLAR
COMMUNITY TO DO SO!

THE PLATFORM... AS MOST EVERYONE REFERRED TO THE AMERICAN INTERGALACTIC RESEARCH STATION, WAS A GREAT TINKER TO BE STRUCTURE STRATEGICALLY LOCATED IN THE ORION SYSTEM.

THE PLATFORM, WHEN COMPLETED, WOULD SPAN 420 KILOMETERS. ITS DISPLACEMENT OF 750 TRILLION TONS, WOULD BE VENTILATED BY SUPPORT COLONY OF A MILLION AMERICANS AND THE

WHEN I FIRST HEARD OF THE SPRAWLING STATION, TWELVE WEEKS REMAINED TO COMPLETE THE ENORMOUS REQUEST IN THE CONTRACTED TIME! THE CORPS WAS RUSHING TO FINISH IT IN FOUR!

"I WAS BLISSFULLY IGNORANT OF THE STATION, HAVING IMMERSED MYSELF IN A MONTH-LONG DRUNKEN CATATONIA, AFTER MY UTTER HUMILIATION AT THE HANDS OF A HOMICIDAL MEGALOMANIAC NAMED WORM."

"I WOULD'VE CONTINUED TO LICK MY MORAL WOUNDS IF PRIVATE EYE LOCAL NO. 321 HADN'T PUT OUT A CALL FOR A VOLUNTEER TO ACT AS SECURITY CHIEF ABOARD THE NEARLY-COMPLETED PLATFORM."

BUT EVEN A HIGH ECHELON CORPSEMAN KNEW WHAT I HAD RUSHED ALL ABOUT.

LOCKED IN PERMANENT ORBIT AROUND OREGO'S CLOSEST PLANET, THE LOCATION WAS CHOSEN DUE TO ITS NEARNESS TO SEVERAL TRANSPORTATION WARPS, MAKING PLANETARY HOPS A THING OF EASE!

IT WAS BEING FASHIONED ENTIRELY FROM RAW MATERIAL OBTAINED FROM NEARBY ASTEROIDS, MINED, SMELTED AND ASSEMBLED BY THE AMERICAN CORPS OF STELLAR ENGINEERS!

SEE SPEARCHUCKER SPADE IN 1984 #379

ROSE, MY
FULL-TIME BARKER
AND PART-TIME
MOTHER CON-
VINCED ME THAT IT
WAS IN MY BEST
INTERESTS TO TAKE
THE JOB... SEEN
AS HOW HE WAS
GONNA BREAK MY
LEGS IF I DIDN'T
COME UP WITH THE
SCRATCH FOR THAT
AFOREMENTIONED
MONTH-LONG
BARGE!

SO
I HEADED OUT
ON THE NEXT
SHUTTLE TO THE
FIRST PAYING JOB I'D
SEEN IN MONTHS!
I PRAYED I WOULDN'T
ENCOUNTER ANY
MORE PREJUDICIAL
MAN-MANGLERS, WHO
GOT THEIR JOLLIES
BUSTIN' THE HEADS OF
PEACE-LOVIN'
PRIVATE SPADES!

SHUTTLE
COMIN' IN!

MUST BE THE
NEW SECURITY
CHIEF! POOR
SOM'BITCH!

SPEARCHUCKER
SPADE, REPORTIN'
FO' DUTY, SIRSI!

DON'T
HAVE T'SIR
US, BOY! WE'S
HIRED HELP
'ROUND HERE
JUST LIKE
YOU!

ZAN BULLOCK'S
THE MAN YOU WANNA
SIR! HE'S HEAD HONCHO
HERE! MIGHT EVEN BE
MORE SECURITY CHIEFS
DEAD IF NOT FOR
HIM!

D-DEAD
DID YOU
SAY?

AIN'T YOU
HEARD? SO FAR
WE'VE LOST A
BAKER'S DOZEN OF
'EM! JUST CAN'T
KEEP 'EM ALIVE
WHAT WITH ALL
THESE ANTI-
PLATFORM
BOMBINGS!

SEEMS LIKE
EVERY STAR
NATION IN THE
QUADRANT'S GOT SOME
TERRORIST GROUP OR
ANOTHER
OPPOSED TO THE
PLATFORM!

SHIT! BEEN MORE
THAN THREE HUNDRED
YEARS, AN' WE STILL GOT
FOLKS PISSSED OFF AT US
NUKIN' EL SALVADOR INTO
A RADIOACTIVE
PARKING LOT!

GUESS THEY
FIGURE AMERICA'S
GONNA USE IT TO
START ANOTHER
A'HER INFAMOUS
LITTLE WARS!

BULLOCK'LL CLUE
YOU IN ON THINGS! IF
HE DON'T, IT'S PROBABLY
JUST CAUSE HE DON'T
WANT TO WORRY
YOU NONE!

YEAH! HE'S
CONSIDERATE
THAT WAY! HE DIDN'T
TELL NONE A TH' OTHER
SECURITY GUYS ABOUT
THE TERRORISTS EITHER!
JUST KIND'A LET THEM
FIND OUT TH' HARD
WAY!

BOY, WAS I EVER IN FOR
ONE SHIT-SUCKIN'
SURPRISE!

I SHOULD'A KNOWN THE JOB WASN'T GONNA BE NO CAMELWALK BUT SUICIDE WASN'T QUITE WHAT I HAD IN MIND WHEN THE RECRUITER TOLD ME THE HOUR'D BE SHORTER THAN I COULD IMAGINE NO WONDER THE OTHER DICKS IN THE SYSTEM HAD SHIED AWAY FROM THE "OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME" THEY'D BEEN READING THE HEADLINES WAS I WAS SWIMMIN' IN TH' SAUCE!

I FOUND ZAN BULLOCK, CHIEF OF CONSTRUCTION, IN THE COMPLETED PLATFORM CONTROL CENTER HE SEEMED GLAD ENOUGH TO SEE ME, BUT WAS PREOCCUPIED SUPERVISING WHAT LOOKED TO BE SOME KIND OF PROBE LAUNCH

SPADE!
GOOD T HAVE
Y'WITH US BOY! Y ALL
COME ON IN! THERE'S
SOMETHIN I WANT
Y'T SEE!

TRANSPORT
CB-12 READY
TO LAUNCH
SIR!

THEN THE REDNECK ASSWIDE NUGGED
ME IN THE RESS WHIMMED, AND
WHISPERED IN A VOICE LOUD ENOUGH
FOR EVERYONE TO HEAR...

ITS CARGO AND
ITS MISSION ARE
KNOWN ONLY TO THE
PRESIDENT AND SELECT
BRASS! AND, OF
COURSE TO ME!

A DESTINATION
TOP SECRET,
BULLOCK EXPLAIN
THE MONITOR
THE PROBE'S
TRAJECTORY

NEEDLESS TO SAY... I SHIT WHERE I STOOD! MY NIG-
GARDLY GREEN BODY SHUDDERED AS THE TRUE
MEANING OF BULLOCK'S WORDS SUNK INTO THE MIRE
OF MY MIND!

BUT JUST
BETWEEN YOU'N ME, BOY...
IT'S CARRYING SIX CONTINUUM BOMBS!
THE ABSOLUTE STATE-OF-THE-ART
IN INTERSTELLAR WEAPONRY!

ALL EYES WERE
TRANSFIXED ON THIS
MUMONGUS SPACECRAFT
UNTIL... WITH A TERRIFIC
ROAR, THE AWESOME
RADIO-CONTROLLED
VESSEL SHOT AWAY
FROM THE PLATFORM
AND HEADED STRAIGHT
FOR DEEP SPACE!

THE SLICKER BEAMED LIKE A
1000-SUN LAMP


IF THE JIZZUM
WEAPON COULD
BE DEVELOPED, THE
CONTINUUM BOMB WAS
WITH MORE OR LESS
THE SAME ENERGY
EXPENDED, SUCH A BOMB
COULD BLOW UP A
SMALL FREIGHTER OR A
BLUE GIANT STAR
...BY EVAPORATING
THAT AREA OF
SPACETIME FABRIC
AROUND IT! JUST BY
MAKING SPACE
FUG AWAY!

NO LONGER A WEAPON
OF AWESOME THEORY,
THE GRIMY BASTARDS
HAD ACTUALLY BUILT
THE DAMNED THING!
HUNDREDS OF THEM,
MOREN LIKELY! AND
THEY WERE ROCKETING
THE JIZZUM BUSTERS
STRAIGHT FOR TARGETS
IN NUMBERS A GUESS AT!

BUT...
YAS SURE
POWER-HAD
AMERICANS WERE
TOYING WITH
INTERSTELLAR
POLITICS... AND
TO WALKER
WALKER INTO THE
HALLS OF A
FULL-FLEDGED
INTERGALACTIC
HOLOCAUST!

JUMPIN' CHRIST,
BULLOCK! YOU PEOPLE
ARE GONNA BLOW UP THE
WHOLE GODDAMN UNIVERSE!
NO WONDER YOU'VE GOT
TERRORISTS TRYING
T SCATHE YOUR ASS!

THEY JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND
TH' WAY THINGS ARE, BOY! OUR
PRESIDENT'S GONNA TURN 200 THIS
MONTH AN' ALL AMERICA WANTS
T GET HIM SOMETHIN' NICE FOR
HIS BICENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY!



WE'RE ALMOST THERE, MR. PRESIDENT! BOY, WON'T THE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS BE SURPRISED!

PLATFORM REPORTS THAT ALL CONTINUUM PROBES HAVE BEEN LAUNCHED. SIR! EVERYTHING'S SET FOR OPERATION BIG BANG!

AMBASSADORS TO DRACONIS, ANDROMEDA, ALPHA CENTAURI AND ORION! CONFIRM EVACUATION OF ALL STAR-EMBASSIES, SIR!

EXCELLENT!

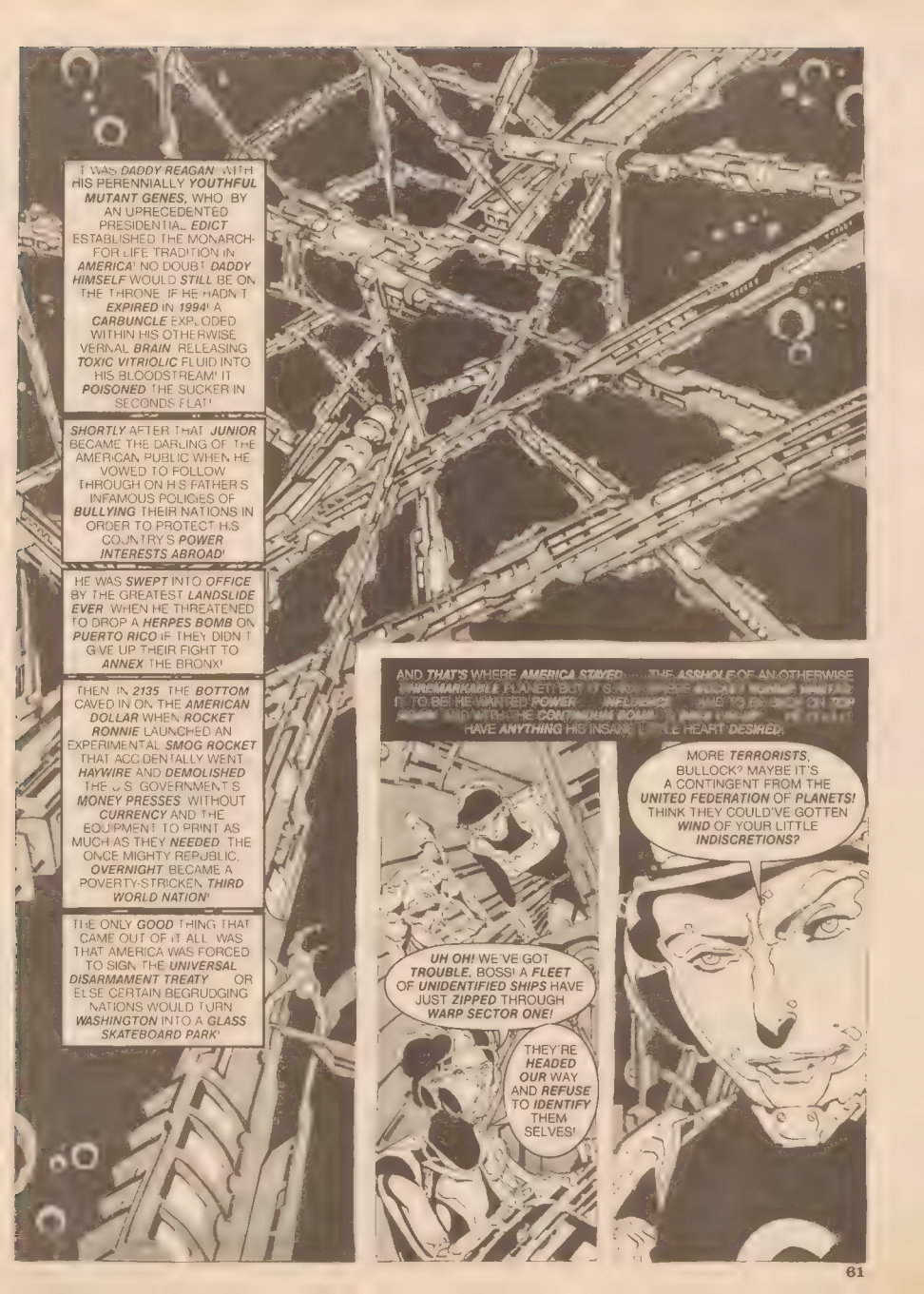
I SHOULD A KNOWN! THE GLORIOUS AMERICAN PRESIDENT! NOW ALL TH' MADNESS WAS BEGINNIN'! T' MAKE SENSE! 'CAUSE, IF EVER THERE WAS A FIRST CLASS CERTIFIED LOON, PRESIDENT-FOR-LIFE ROCKET RONNIE REAGAN WAS IT!

THE SCOURGE OF RATIONAL DIPLOMACY, IT WAS ROCKET RONNIE WHO ORDERED THE PLATFORM BUILT IN THE FIRST PLACE! NO DOUBT, IT WAS HE, TOO, WHO COMMISSIONED AND LAUNCHED THE MOST INHUMANE WEAPONS EVER DEvised!

THE WHOLE SHIT-HUMPIN' UNIVERSE KNEW THAT HIS SOLE DREAM WAS TO MAKE AMERICA A MAJOR POWER AGAIN! BUT IT SEEMED CLEAR T'ME THAT HE WAS STEADFASTLY DELIVERIN' IT TO RUIN THE QUICKEST WAY HE COULD!

THE MAN HAD AN UNPARALLELED HISTORY OF POLITICAL DEMENTIA! IN HIS 165-YEAR REIGN AS ABSOLUTE MONARCH OF THE CONGLOMERATED AMERICAS, HE FLUSHED HIS COUNTRY DOWN THE TUBES AND DIDDLEd HIMSELF AS HE WATCHED IT SWILL IN THE DIARRHETIC MUCK OF HIS OWN POLITICAL SHORTCOMINGS!

BUT THEN, WHAT ELSE COULD ONE EXPECT FROM AN EX-BALLET DANCER TURNED EXTREMIST, WHOSE SOLE POLITICAL CREDENTIALS WERE THAT HIS FATHER HAD ASCENDED THE PRESIDENTIAL THRONE BEFORE HIM. BY KICKING THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF AN ILLITERATE GEORGIA PEANUT FARMER!?



I WAS **DADDY REAGAN** WITH HIS PERENNIAL **YOUTHFUL MUTANT GENES**, WHO BY AN UNPRECEDENTED **PRESIDENTIAL EDICT** ESTABLISHED THE **MONARCHY** FOR LIFE TRADITION IN **AMERICA**! NO DOUBT **DADDY** HIMSELF WOULD STILL BE ON THE **THRONE** IF HE HADN'T **EXPIRED** IN 1994! A **CARBUNCLE** EXPLODED WITHIN HIS OTHERWISE **VERNAL BRAIN**, RELEASING **TOXIC VITRIOLIC FLUID** INTO HIS **BLOODSTREAM**! IT **POISONED** THE **SUCKER** IN **SECONDS FLAT**!

SHORTLY AFTER THAT **JUNIOR** BECAME THE **DARLING** OF THE **AMERICAN PUBLIC** WHEN HE **VOWED** TO FOLLOW THROUGH ON HIS **FATHER'S** INFAMOUS **POLICIES** OF **BULLYING** THEIR **NATIONS** IN ORDER TO **PROTECT** HIS **COUNTRY'S POWER INTERESTS** **ABROAD**!

HE WAS **SWEPT** INTO **OFFICE** BY THE **GREATEST** **LANDSLIDE** **EVER** WHEN HE **THREATENED** TO **DROP** A **HERPES BOMB** ON **PUERTO RICO** IF THEY **DIDN'T** **GIVE UP** THEIR **FIGHT** TO **ANNEX** THE **BRONX**!

THEN IN 2135 THE **BOTTOM** **CAVED** IN ON THE **AMERICAN DOLLAR** WHEN **ROCKET RONNIE** LAUNCHED AN **EXPERIMENTAL SMOG ROCKET** THAT **ACCIDENTALLY** WENT **HAYWIRE** AND **DEMOLISHED** THE **U.S. GOVERNMENT'S** **MONEY PRESSES** WITHOUT **CURRENCY** AND THE **EQUIPMENT** TO **PRINT** AS **MUCH** AS THEY **NEEDED**. THE **ONCE MIGHTY** **REPUBLIC**, **OVERNIGHT** BECAME A **POVERTY-STRIKEN** **THIRD WORLD NATION**!

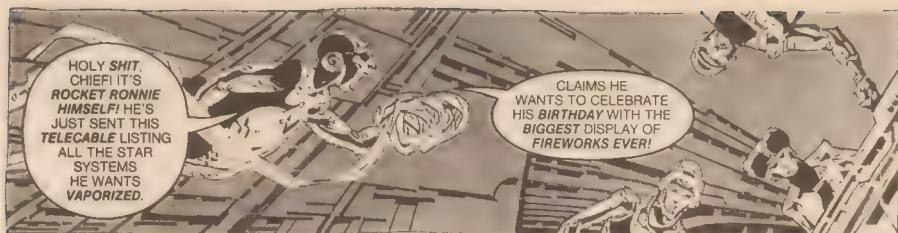
THE **ONLY** **GOOD** **THING** THAT **CAME OUT** OF IT ALL WAS THAT **AMERICA** WAS **FORCED** TO **SIGN** THE **UNIVERSAL DISARMAMENT TREATY**. OR ELSE **CERTAIN** **BEGRUDGING** **NATIONS** WOULD **TURN** **WASHINGTON** INTO A **GLASS SKATEBOARD PARK**!

AND THAT'S WHERE **AMERICA STAYED**... THE **ASSHOLE** OF AN **OTHERWISE** **UNREMARKABLE PLANET** BUT IT **STAYED** BECAUSE **IT WAS** THE **ONLY** **PLACE** **IT** **COULD** **BE** **HE** **WANTED** **POWER**... **NEEDING** **TO** **BE** **IN** **THE** **TOP** **OF** **THE** **CONTINENTAL** **DRIFT**... **HAVE** **ANYTHING** **HIS** **INSANE** **HEART** **DESIRED**!

MORE **TERRORISTS**, **BULLOCK**? MAYBE IT'S A **CONTINGENT** FROM THE **UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS**! THINK THEY COULD'VE GOTTEN **WIND** OF YOUR **LITTLE** **INDISCRETIONS**?

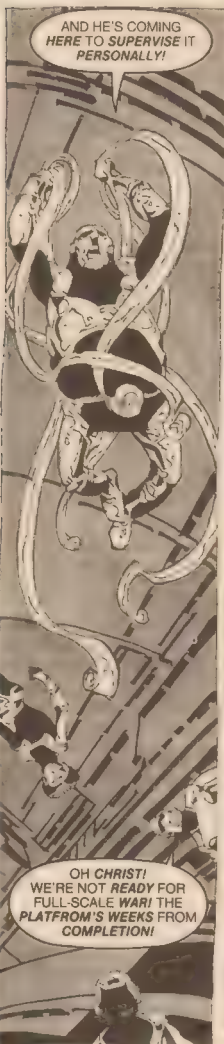
UH OH! WE'VE GOT **TROUBLE**, **BOSS**! A **FLEET** OF **UNIDENTIFIED SHIPS** HAVE JUST **ZIPPED** THROUGH **WARP SECTOR ONE**!

THEY'RE **HEADED** **OUR** **WAY** AND **REFUSE** TO **IDENTIFY** **THEMSELVES**!



HOLY SHIT,
CHIEF! IT'S
ROCKET RONNIE
HIMSELF! HE'S
JUST SENT THIS
TELECABLE LISTING
ALL THE STAR
SYSTEMS
HE WANTS
VAPORIZED.

CLAIMS HE
WANTS TO CELEBRATE
HIS BIRTHDAY WITH THE
BIGGEST DISPLAY OF
FIREWORKS EVER!

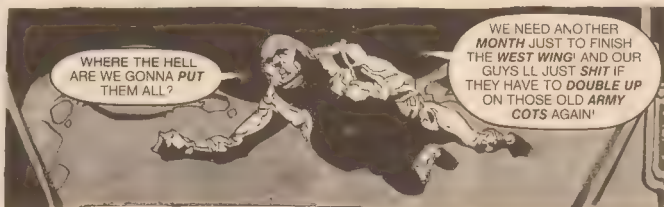


AND HE'S COMING
HERE TO SUPERVISE IT
PERSONALLY!

WAR! WHO
CARES ABOUT A
PETTY LITTLE WAR?
WE'RE NOT READY
FOR ROCKET
RONNIE!

HE'LL HAVE
HIS STORMTROOPING
GENERALS TAKING OVER
THE STATEROOMS! HIS
CABINET'LL DOMINATE
THE MESS HALLS

AND WHAT WILL WE
EVER DO WITH ALL THOSE
SECRET SERVICE CLOWNS? PLUS
THE SENATE AND HOUSE' NOT
TO MENTION ALL THOSE
SEMI-SKILLED SECRETARIAL
CONCUBINES!



WHERE THE HELL
ARE WE GONNA PUT
THEM ALL?

WE NEED ANOTHER
MONTH JUST TO FINISH
THE WEST WING! AND OUR
GUYS LL JUST SHIT IF
THEY HAVE TO DOUBLE UP
ON THOSE OLD ARMY
COTS AGAIN!



I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! THE UNIVERSE
WAS ON THE VERGE OF DESTRUCTION
AND HERE WAS THIS OLEOGINOID
FAGGOT GOING APE-SHIT OVER
FUCKING PRESIDENTIAL PROTOCOL!
THE KIND OF MADNESS HAD I GOTTEN
IN MY SHEET YOUNG ASS INTO?

CALM DOWN,
PRESIDENT! PREPARE
YOUR MEN FOR THE
PRESIDENT'S
ARRIVAL!

AMERICA'S ON
THE MOVE AGAIN AND
WE CAN'T LET A LITTLE
THING LIKE A LACK OF
ACCOMMODATIONS SWAY THE
INEVITABLE TIDE OF
DESTINY!

SHEEEEEET!

MY FIRST DUTY AS SECURITY CHIEF WAS TO UNDERTAKE A THOROUGH SWEEP OF THE PLATFORM... TO MAKE DAMN SURE THAT NO INFILTRATING TERRORISTS HAD ANY EXPLOSIVE SURPRISES AWAITING ROCKET RONNIE UPON HIS IMMINENT ARRIVAL! WHEN I ASKED BULLOCK HOW I MIGHT ASSEMBLE MY SECURITY STAFF, HE DROPPED YET ANOTHER BOMBHELL! THERE AIN'T ONE, BOMB! HE INFORMED ME.

I WAS IN THE ENTIRE SECURITY DEPARTMENT! I WAS ALL THE BUDGET HAD ALLOWED FOR! AMERICA'S BUCKLE HAD GONE INTO FINISHING THE PLATFORM... AND THAT LEFT ONE MAN TO THWART A GALAXY OF TERRORISTS! IT SOUNDED LIKE A STANDARD-ISSUE BUREAUCRATIC WHANKING TO ME.

AND SINCE THE PRESIDENTIAL STARBUSTER, WITH ITS ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO SHIP-ENTOURAGE OF POLITICAL MANGERS-ON, WAS WHIZZING TOWARDS THE PLATFORM FASTER THAN I COULD CLIMB INTO MY SPACEGEAR, 'BOUT THE ONLY THING I COULD DO WAS TO LET UNCLE RONNIE'S SECRET SERVICE SHIELDS WORRY ABOUT HIS WRINKLED HINDTY HAUNCHES... WHILE I CONCENTRATED ON WATCHING THE BACKSIDE OF MY OWN LUSH GREEN HIDE!

SIDES... I WASN'T REAL SURE I WANTED TO SAVE THE SPURTBAGS ANYWAY! WAY I LOOKED AT IT, A BODY WHO WAS READY TO BLOW UP A UNIVERSE JUST SO'S HE COULD PRESIDE OVER A SMOLDERING, VAPORIZED OBLIVION, FULLY DESERVED ANY TERRORIST HARBORING A WHIM TO PLUG A STICK OF PLUTONIUM UP HIS PAUSTIC LITTLE CORNHOLE.



THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SUPREME SOVEREIGN HUMPWING AND HIS PENURIOUS PETS, CAME ONLY MINUTES AFTER STARMASTER, ONE TOUCHED DOWN ON THE TAIL

A PLATFORM OF THE CRIMINAL
MOST LOOKING' MAN-
MANGLED I'D EVER SET
EYES ON, PROCEEDED TO
FOLLOW THEIR WAY TO THE
'PLATFORM CONTROL
CENTER'... KICKIN' THE
SHRIVELED GUNES OF
ANYONE WHO HAPPE-
NED TO BE IN THEIR WAY.

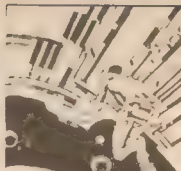
ED PRETTY MUCH LIKE
EXPECTED HIM TO
DIRTY, UNSHAVEN, HIS
HASTY-GRAY FACEPAINT
DOIN' A GOOD JOB OF
HIDING TWO HUNDRED
YEARS WORTH OF SA-
ING, WRINKLES

BUT HIS AMOUNT OF
MAKEUP COULD HIDE THE
BRUTAL MADNESS OF
FRAGRANT SENILITY
WHICH FROTHED LIKE AN
ANGRY EBBTIDE WITHIN
THE VAPID SEA OF HIS
MIND.

HEY! NO!
LISTEN . . !
YOU'RE MAKIN' A
MISTAKE! REALLY! I
UGHNN! OOOH! AGHH!
ARGHHHH!

[illegible]

YOU DON'T GOT TO BE
A SPADE'S HEAD MORE
THAN THREE OR FOUR
TIMES 'FORE HE GETS THE
MESSAGE LOU AND
CLEAR! I KNEW WHEN I
WASN'T WANTED... SO I
LET ROCKET RONNIE AND
HIS STORMTROOPERS GO
THEIR MERRY WAY.



WHILST I SLITHERED
TO MY STATEROOM TO
LICK MY INJURED PRIDE,
AND HIDE FROM THE IN-
EVITABLE TERRORISTS
THAT WERE SURE TO
SURFACE ONCE THEY
REALIZED THAT ROCKET
RONNIE HIMSELF WAS
FINALLY ABOARD THE
PLATFORM!



I WASN'T
NOBODY'S
FOOL, BOY!
LEASTWISE I
DIDN'T THINK
SO... THE
BOMB-A
NOTE-WAITING
FOR ME BACK
IN MY CABIN...!

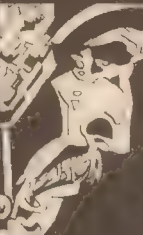
SPADE-I
AIN'T NO
CAUSE FOR
YOU T'DIE,
TOO, BOY! GET
OFF THIS
SPACETUG,
'FORE IT
DISAPPEARS
OUT FROM
UNDER
YOU-A
FRIEND!

FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT
DAY, I GREAMED IN
MILKCHICKENS, AS REALIZING
THUNDERED UPON THE
MEAGER-PIECE OF MEAT TH
PASSES FOR MY BRAIN.
NOTHING SHORT OF A
NUCLEAR EXPLOSION-GOD
TAKE OUT, THE CITY-SIZE
BRASS-CONSTRUCTION.

I KNEW THEN AND THEN
THAT ROCKET RONNIE
WASN'T LONG FOR THIS
AND/OR ANY OTHER WORLD
BLANKETED BY HIS SECRET
SERVICES AS HE WAS, THERE
WAS ONLY ONE WAY FOR THE
TERRORISTS TO GET TO HIM
AND THAT WAS BY TAKING
THE ENTIRE GODDAMN
PLATFORM!

BUT I COULD REALLY WANTED
TO MAKE SURE THAT ONE'S
SEEMINGLY IMMORTAL PRE-
SENT BOUGHT THE FARM, A
CONTINUUM BOMB COULD DO
THE TRICK WITH NEXT-
NONE!

I TORE THROUGH
THE PLATFORM, PAC-
ING TOWARDS THE
CONTROL ROOM
WHERE I KNEW THE
MAD DESPOT WAS
ABOUT TO PLAY
COSMIC CONCENT
OF CONTINUUM
CATACLYSMIA!



LISTEN! WE
GOT TROUBLE!
BIG TROUBLE!
I'VE GOT TO
FIND THE
OPERATIONS
CHIEF!

I DON'T REALLY
GIVE A SHIT IF RONNIE
AND HIS BUREAU
RATIO HENCHMEN
WERE WAPONIZED
BUT I KNEW THAT
THE REWARD FOR
SAVING THEIR
COLLECTIVE ASSES
WOULD MAKE ME A
GENTLEMAN OF
THE NEXT TEN OF
LIFETIMES!

COURSE, I'D
WELL GET IN
WITHIN A COSA
MALE OF THE
SHIVEL-PRIONED
LITTLE MOTH-
ASBER! BUT
I FIGURED THE
BULLYGUARD
WOULD LISTEN
TO BULLLOCK
NO! I CLOUT
THE OPERATIONS
CHIEF TO WHAT
KNEW!

AIN'T SEEN
HIM, FRIEND!
AND YOU'RE THE
ONE'S GONNA HAVE
TROUBLE IF YOU
DON'T LEAVE
THIS AREA
IMMEDIATELY

WE'VE GOT
IT CORDONED
OFF FOR THE
PRESIDENT!



TROUBLE WAS
BULLLOCK WAS
NOWHERE TO BE
FOUND! FOR THAT
MATTER, NEITHER
WERE ANY OF
THE OTHER HAT-
HATS TO BE
WORKING
FOUND TO
PLATFORM
EITHER!

WAS ALL ALONE!
SAVE FOR RONNIE
HIS CABINET, SENATE
AND CONGRESS AND
A FEW HUNDRED
THOUSAND OR SO
OTHER GOVERNMENTAL
LACKY!

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
I-I
HEYYYYY!

MOVE YOUR
ASS WHEN
I TELL YOU TO
GREENIE OR NEXT
TIME I'LL DO MORE
THAN FLIP YOUR
FACE ACROSS
THE ROOM!



AND THAT
CARELESSNESS
ALL THE CHANCE
NEEDED TO TELL ME
WHAT A SLUG-
BRAINED LACKADEMIC
I'D
REALLY BEEN!

I'D SPENT SO MUCH TIME
THINKING ABOUT HOW TO
AVOID BECOMING THE NEXT
TERRORIST TARGET, THAT I'D
NEVER EVEN OCCURRED TO
WHO TO FIND OUT WHO THE
TERRORISTS WERE!

HOW COULD AN AVOWED ANTI-PLATFORMIST EVEN GET
ONTO THE PLATFORM WITHOUT SOMEONE SEEING HIS
APPROACH? THE ANSWER IS... HE COULDN'T! THE TERRORISTS
HAD TO HAVE BEEN ON BOARD ALL ALONG!

THEY'D BEEN BUILDING THE PLATFORM AND CONSTRUCTING
THE BOMBS... ALL THE WHILE PREPARING FOR THE
INEVITABLE DAY WHEN ROCKET RONNIE HIMSELF WOULD
ARRIVE FOR THE INTERGALACTIC FIREWORKS!

THAT'S IT!
I GAVE IT
A SHOT!
I TRIED
T' HELP THE
BUREAUCRATIC
ASSWIPE!
BUT IT AIN'T
MY FIGHT
I'M GETTIN'
MY PRECIOUS
GREEN GENES
OUTTA HERE!

WHERE D'YA
THINK YOU'RE
GOIN', FRIEND?

HUH?

OH, HEY
DON'T MIND ME!
I JUST THOUGHT
I'D STEP OUTSIDE
FOR A BREATH OF
FRESH VOID!

THE TERRORISTS WERE... BULLOCK,
AND EVERYONE OF HIS CONSTRUCTION
WORKERS... NATIONAL MEN,
COMMISSIONED TO PRODUCE WHOLLY
NATIONAL WEAPONS!

THEY REJECTED THE MANDATE OF
THEIR ACTIONS, AND LIKE THE SOBE-
MINDED MEN THEY WERE... THEY
REBELLED AGAINST THAT LUNATIC
AGAINST THEIR OWN SELF-
GOVERNMENT!

THEY WERE DOING THE ONLY THING
THEIR CONSCIENCES WOULD
ALLOW... THE PATRIOTIC THINK-
ERS WERE GOING TO BLOW THE
BASTARD HUMMING GOVERNMENT AND
THE LEACHERS WHO PREYED UPON
THE SOCIETY... STRAIGHT TO
EARTH!

IT WAS BIG GOVERNMENT AS WELL AS
THE LITTLE WORKER... THE WAY IT
ALWAYS BEEN ON EARTH, BUT THIS
TIME, THE LITTLE GUY SICK OF THE
POWER PLAYS... SICK OF BEING
TOLD WHAT WAS GOOD FOR HIM AND
THE COUNTRY WAS ABOUT TO
CHANGE!

AND I WAS VERY SERIOUSLY... EVER
THEY'D EVER LET BUREAUCRACY GAIN
HOLD IN THEIR LITTLE NATION
AGAIN!

AND WHO WAS I TO THROW A
WRECKING BALL INTO THEIR PLAN
BY MEDDLING IN AFFAIRS OF A
DEMOCRATIC, FREE AND SANE PEOP-
LE? THEY'D DONE ME A FAVOR BY
WANNING ME OF THE PLATFORM'S
DESTRUCTION...

DON'T GET CUTE
WITH ME, OREO! I GOT
ORDERS THAT **NOBODY'S**
TO LEAVE THIS
PLATFORM!

ALL'S I CAN SAY,
BOY... IS THAT THEM
ORDERS CAME A LITTLE
LATE! EVERYBODY'S
DONE ALREADY GONE!

AND IF YOU
VALUE YOUR SECRET
SERVITUDE ASS
YOU'LL HIGHTAIL IT
SOUTH, TOO!

NOW IF
YOU LL
EXCUSE
ME...

NOW I WAS ABOUT TO DO ONE FOR
YOU... SIMPLY BY WALKING AWAY!

'OOURSE, THERE WAS ONE NAGGING LITTLE DETAIL THAT STILL TUGGED AT TH'ALARM BELLS OF M'ANND!

IF THE HADHATS WERE SO OPPOSED TO THE INSANITY OF UNWERSAL WAR AND DESTRUCTION WHY HAD THEY LAUNCHED THE CONTINUUM BOMBS IN THE FIRST PLACE?

WERE THEY FIGURING ON PICKING UP WHERE ROCKET RONNIE WAS ABOUT T'LEAVE OFFY OW-I

OR...WERE THERE EVEN REALLY ANY CONTINUUM BOMBS AT ALL? MY GUESS WAS THAT THEY'D DEVELOPED THE TECHNOLOGY ALL RIGHT...BUT HAD LAUNCHED DUMMY BOMBS THAT WERE DESIGNED TO LURE RONNIE TO THE PLATFORM!

DUMMY BOMBS... I YEAH! ALL BUT ONE! THE LAST ONE! THE ONE I'D SEEN BULLLOCK LAUNCHING EARLIER! IT AND IT ALONE WAS THE REAL McGOY! THE ONE AND ONLY CONTINUUM BOMB BULLLOCK'S CONSTRUCTION TEAM HAD PUT TOGETHER!

STOP HIM! THE CHIEF DON'T WANT ANYBODY LEAVING BEFORE THE BOMBS ARE TRIGGERED!

STOP... BOY, OR I'LL SHOOT!

SORRY, FRIEND! IF I STAY HERE... I'LL BE AS DEAD AS YOU!


SHEEEIT! WHAT'S HE GONNA DO WARN SOMEBODY? AIN'T NOBODY GONNA STOP US NOW! AMERICA'S ON THE MOVE AGAIN!

LET THE LITTLE GREEN JUNGLE BUNNY GO!

GODDAMN SPACE CYCLE WON'T START ANYWAY! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY PULLED THE CORE RODS!

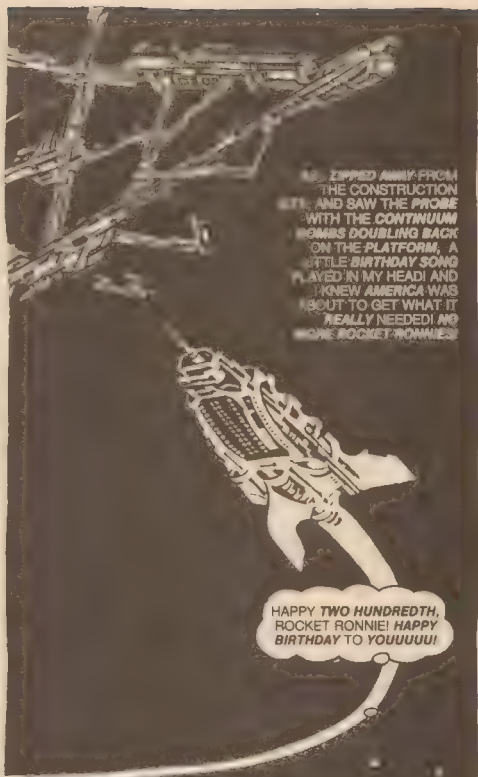
I THANK YOU, MR BULLLOCK Y SAVED THIS JIVE-ASSED SPADE ONCE AGAIN

NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS PUT SOME FAST SPACE 'TWEEN ME AND THAT PLATFORM... FOR THIS CHUNK OF EXISTENCE EVAPORATES 'ROUND ME!



NO MONKEY HAD BEEN SO CONCERNED WITH THE TRAJECTORY OF THE GUIDANCE SYSTEM! THE SMART-EST MOTHER FLOCKER KNEW THAT RONNIE'D BE CELEBRATING HIS BICENTENNIAL ON THE PLATFORM! AND BULLOCK HAD TIMED THE BOMB SO THAT IT WOULD BOOMERANG BACK AND COLLIDE WITH THE PLATFORM ON THE 101ST FLOOR! BIRTHDAY!

RONNIE'D HAVE HIS FIREWORKS AND AMERICA WOULD HAVE ITS BIRTHDAY PRESENT: PEACE AND FREEDOM AND AN END TO THE MONKEY THAT HAD BEEN ON ITS BACK FOR ALMOST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS!



HE ZIPPED AWAY FROM THE CONSTRUCTION SITE AND SAW THE PROBE WITH THE CONTINUUM BOMBS DOUBLING BACK ON THE PLATFORM, A LITTLE BIRTHDAY SONG PLAYED IN MY HEAD! AND I KNEW AMERICA WAS ABOUT TO GET WHAT IT REALLY NEEDED! NO MORE ROCKET MONKEYS!

HAPPY TWO HUNDREDTH, ROCKET RONNIE! HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOUUUUU!

end

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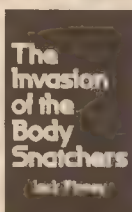
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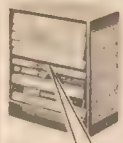
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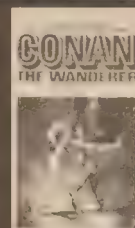
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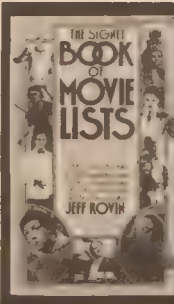
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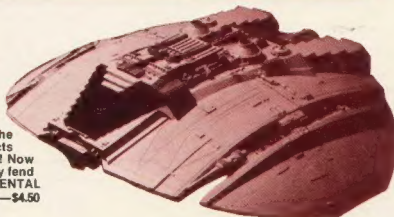
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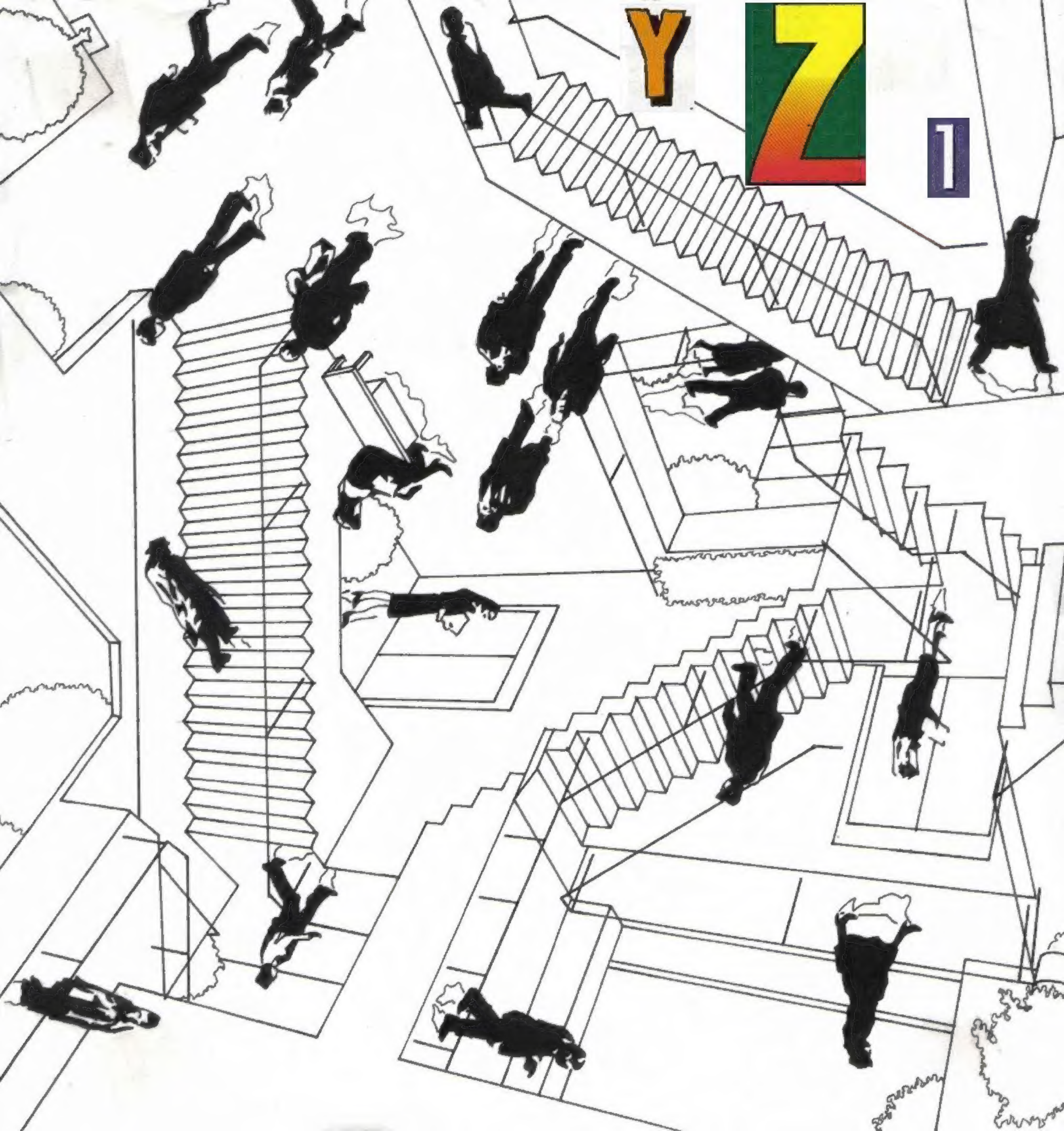


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